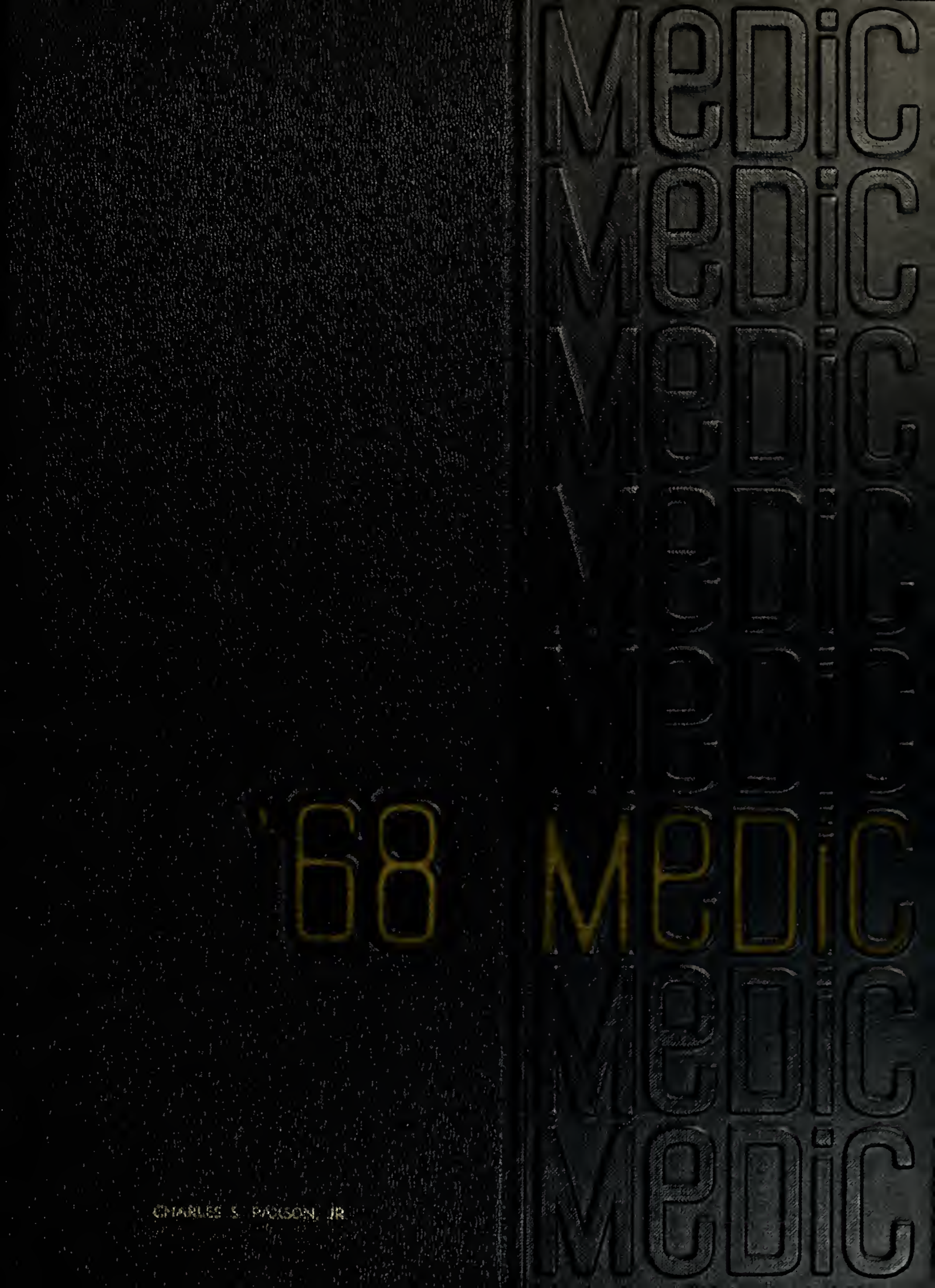
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CHARLES S. PACKSON, JR.

THE MEDIC • 1968

HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Richard Karl Mallin
Editor-in-Chief

Alfonse Paul Squitieri
Business Manager

E. Karl Koiwai, M.D.
Faculty Advisor

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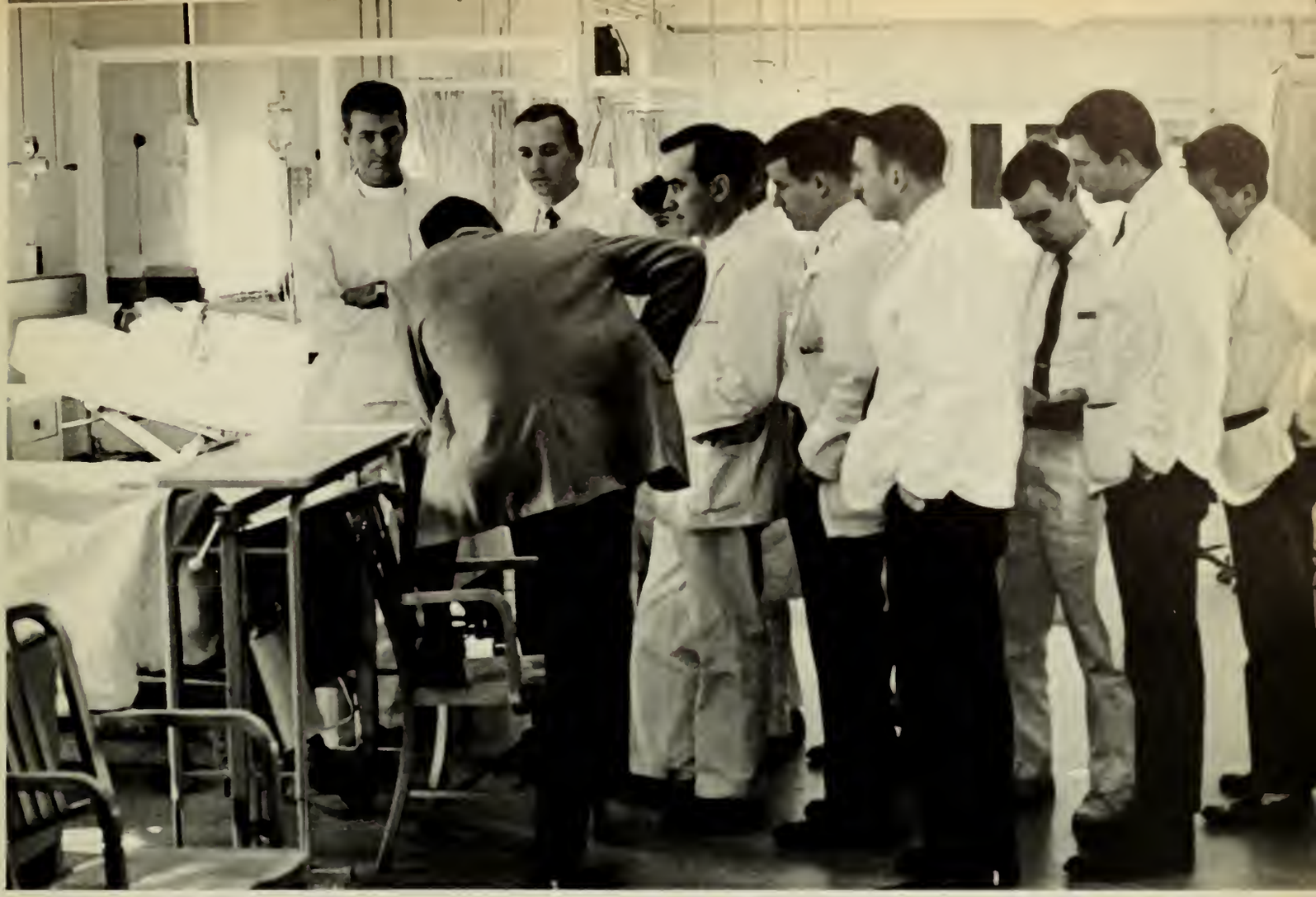
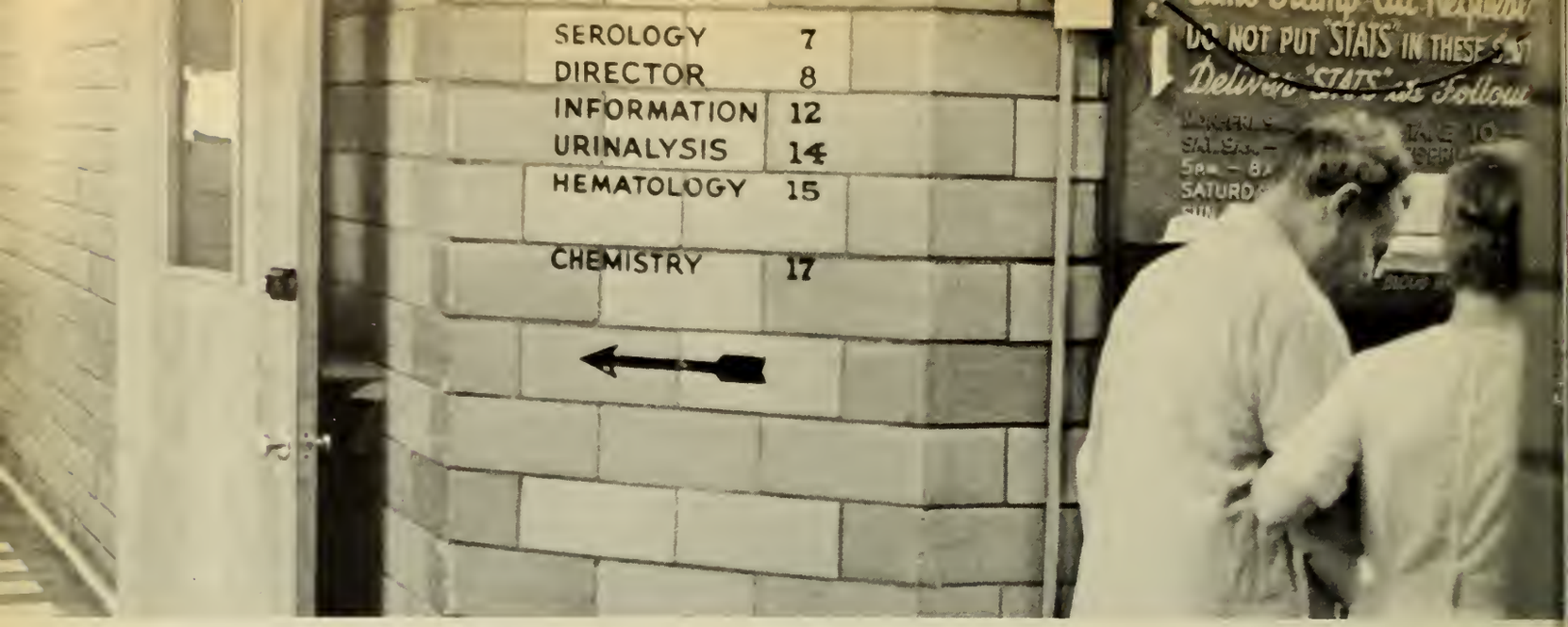


These are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd: the soldier, the sailor, and the shepherd not infrequently; the artist rarely; rarer still, the clergyman; the physician almost as a rule.

He is the flowers (such as it is) of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only to be marvelled at, in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race.

2

Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practice an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Herculean cheerfulness and courage.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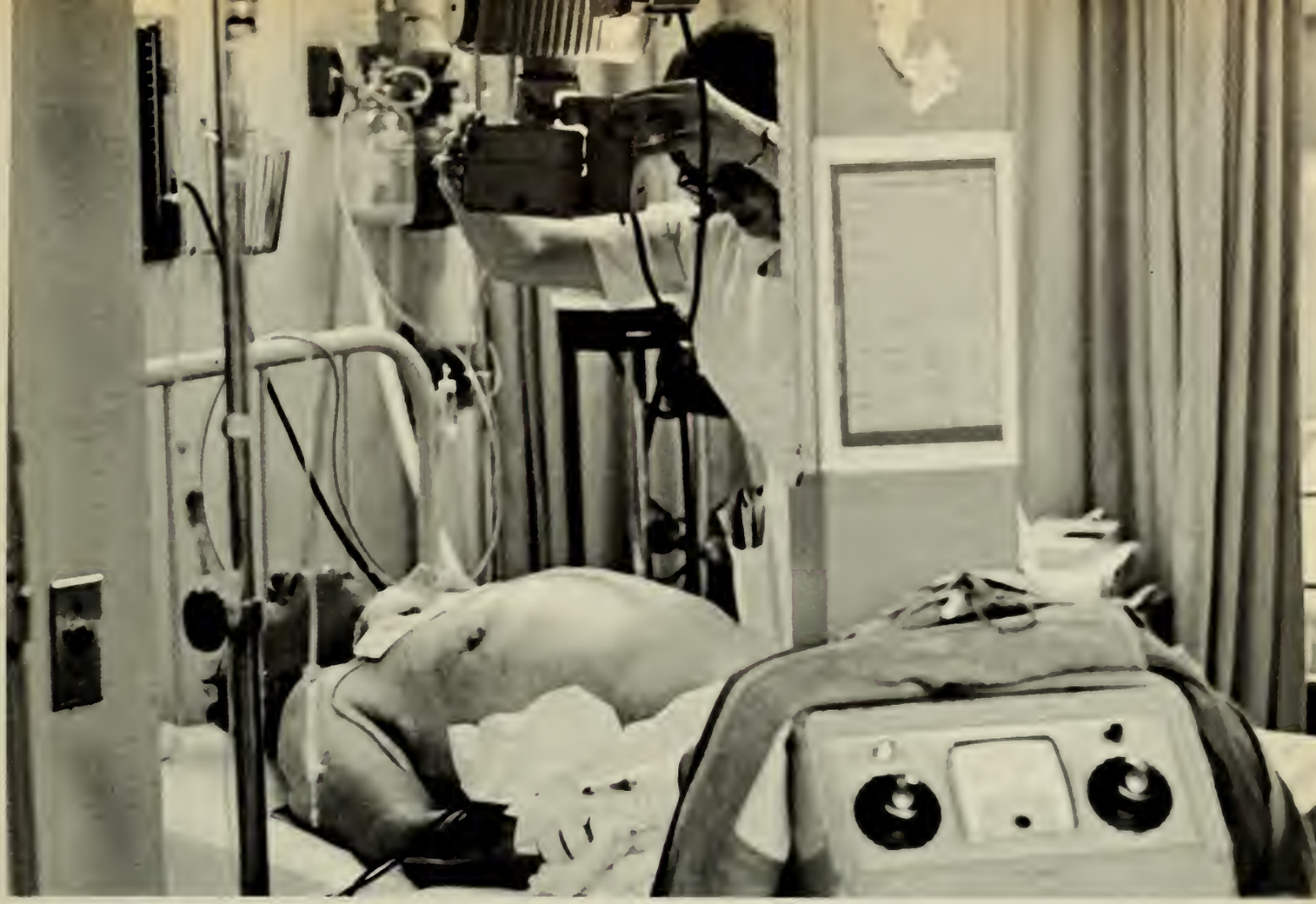


So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sick-room, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing.

—Robert Louis Stevenson, 1887

WILBUR W. OAKS, M.D.

DEDICATION

It is a distinct honor for a teacher to be appreciated by his students, and the yearbook dedication is always accepted humbly. To me it has special significance since I have strong personal feeling for your class.

Graduation is, of course, a time for congratulations, but there are other remarks that must be made. First, you should realize that it is a privilege to be a physician and to pursue a profession as fascinating as medicine. It imposes serious responsibilities which each man must be capable of accepting. Not only must you accept the responsibility of human life, but also keep up with medical progress so that you can offer your patient the absolute best care that is available. These are fascinating times in the medical world, but they are also difficult. You must be dedicated, strong and courageous to pursue the goal which each of you has set forth at this time of graduation.

Youth is a time of idealism and at this particular moment you bring with you into the practice of medicine high principles and youthful enthusiasm. It is always a heartwarming moment for the faculty to see the young physician emerge and we welcome you into the medical fraternity. I urge you to maintain your feeling of idealism and to dedicate yourself toward becoming a superior physician. You must not only love medicine and have enthusiasm for your work, but must generally like people and feel deep satisfaction in applying your special knowledge and skills to alleviate their ills. Your work must be placed first. Whether you eventually go into private practice, institutional work, medical education, research, or even administration your primary task should take precedence over considerations of personal convenience, pleasures, comfort, or income. The profession will demand of you long hours and constant effort and it will mean scant leisure and many inconveniences. It will force you to develop a feeling of humility, which for many people is a very difficult thing to accept.

As a physician you can no longer afford the luxury of naivete and the capacity to be surprised. The frailities and greatness of human beings and the wonders of biology and science are beyond the realm of fiction. You should assume that anything is possible, and when speaking with your patient you should never show surprise or disapproval at anything that he or she may state to you. You must be able to evaluate the situation and deal with it in a sequential orderly fashion.

My final hope for this fine young class is that each of you continue to adhere to your high principles and never be quite satisfied with your past performance. Hold tight to your individuality, maintain your idealistic principles and have courage to strive toward the attainment of your own "Impossible Dream." I am sincerely proud of each of you and it has been a most rewarding and emotionally satisfying experience to be associated with you during your medical school career. In the future I will take even greater pride in observing and applauding your continued accomplishments.

William W. Parker

AMEDEO BONDI, JR., Ph.D

GAUDEAMUS

We dedicate these pages to those faculty members whose personal and academic abilities have made them outstanding. Their concern for our needs and interests, their personal integrity and the time and effort which they devoted to teaching has been inspiring. They have made a lasting impression on us, and we thank them.

JEANNE McCREIGHT, Ph.D.

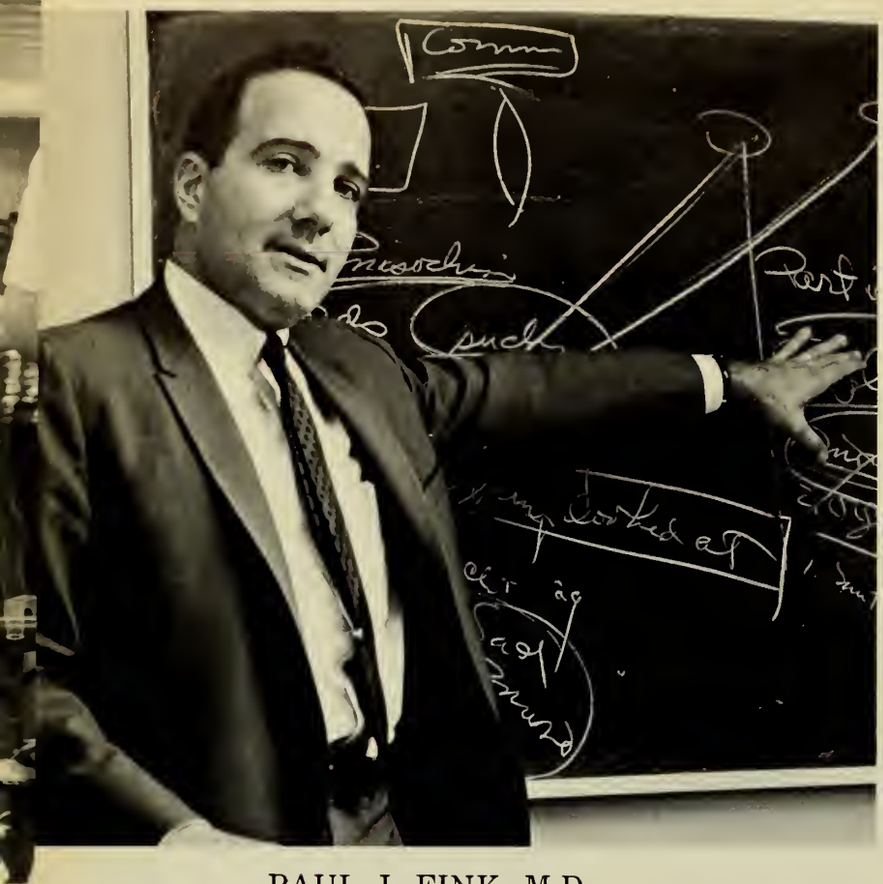
MARY JANE SHOWERS, Ph.D.

GADDO ONESTI, M.D.

JOSEPH E. IMBRIGLIA, M.D.

ALEXANDER W. ULIN, M.D.

MARTIN BAREN, M.D.

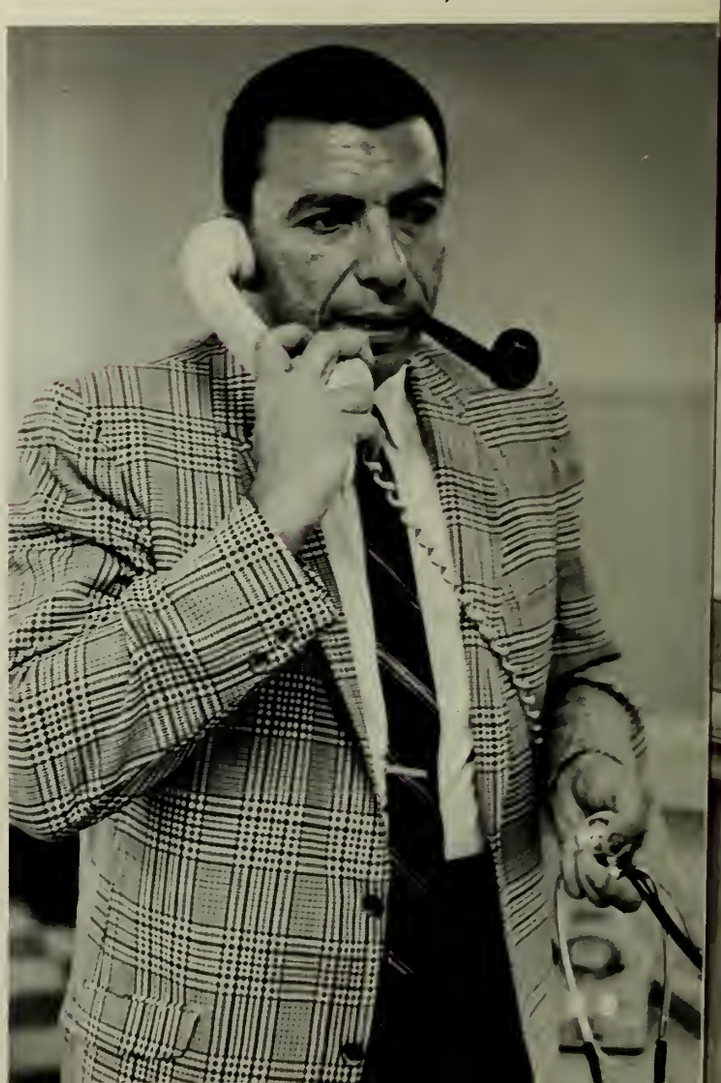


PAUL J. FINK, M.D.

STANLEY SPITZER, M.D.

DONALD A. NAGEL, M.D.

MORTON FUCHS, M.D.



BRUCE V. MacFADYEN, M.D.

JEWELL L. OSTERHOLM, M.D.

MARSHALL KLAVAN, M.D.

ALBERT J. KASPAR, M.D.

CHARLES S. CAMERON, M.D.

President

College: University of Pennsylvania Medical School: Hahnemann Medical College Internship: Philadelphia General Hospital Residency: Phila. Gen. Hosp. (Surgery) Rockefeller Fellow in cancer surgery at New York's Memorial Hospital

TO THE MEMBERS OF
THE CLASS OF 1968

I offer my heartfelt congratulations and warm good wishes to each of you as you complete your long and disciplined passage through the gate which is straight and the way which is narrow.

It seems appropriate to compliment you further on your good judgment in electing to be born when you were, and in selecting medicine as your life work, because your happy timing together with your choice of career permit you to enter the main stream of human affairs at a time which promises altogether unprecedented opportunities and challenges. This main stream is unique today by virtue of its quickening motion. Never before have appeared such striking departures from tradition, in almost every aspect of the human experience — in social values, in theology, in the arts, in the physical sciences, and, of course, in medicine. The mood of the times is change, but we need to recognize that is is the pace of change which is the watchword. In consequence of this ferment of new values, new concepts and new methods, you are destined to be healers in a more literal sense of the word than doctors have ever been. The satisfactions in your achievements stand to be correspondingly greater than any doctors before you have enjoyed. At the same time, this season of seething will make demands on you which are without parallel. Among them, two appear foremost. First, the rapidly accumulating corpus of knowledge of medical science will call on you to apply yourselves to continuing study only a little less concentrated than these four years have been. And second, the far reaching implicatios of increasing government participation in the provision of medical care will require of you new dimensions of sensitiveness and responsiveness to substantial modifications of the social scheme, which again are unexampled.

I look forward to your role as physicians in these exhilorating years ahead, confident that what you have learned and experienced here, has prepared you well to use the full measure of opportunity soon to be yours, and to accept the new order of responsibility that goes with it.

My warm personal regards go with this expression of my fervent hope that to each of you will be granted long years of service to those many who will need you, and of my equally earnest wish for the satisfactions to the spirit in the measure you deserve.

Sincerely yours,

Charles S. Cameron

Charles S. Cameron, M.D.
President

WILLIAM F. KELLOW, M.D.

Dean 1961 - 1967

College: University of Notre Dame Medical School: Georgetown School of Medicine Internship: District of Columbia General Hospital Residency: Dist. of Col. Gen. Hosp. (Medicine) Presently Dean and Vice President at Jefferson Medical College

TO THE 1968 GRADUATING CLASS

I especially appreciate having an inviation to greet the graduating class this year because it is my parting year and I cannot look forward to specific meetings with you as alumni in the future. I offer my warmest congratulations to you and extend my best wishes for many satisfying years in the practice of medicine. Let me take this occasion to urge you to remain loyal to your medical college. During the years you and I spent at Hahnemann we witnessed a phenominal development of the institution. There was a remarkable growth of the faculty, a substantial redevelopment of the curriculum, considerable progress in establishing a firmer financial basis for operation, an evolvement of an exciting plan to rebuild the entire physical facilities, and the development of a spirit of interest in the future of the institution on the part of the community as well as the Hahnemann family. When you graduate from Hahnemann you will be more a member of that family than ever before, and if you want your college to continue to prosper as it has been doing, your interest in its affairs must continue. Plan to be an active alumnus. Give something each year to the annual alumni drive, and give substantially to capital development projects when they occur. But do more than give money. Talk up your school. Promote its interests among other alumni, among influential people in your community and among legislators. Herein lie the real resources for future development.

A greater Hahnemann will reflect on you for you will always carry her image. The Class of 1968 has been a part of the new Hahnemann and the full potential of this development will be achieved only if you and those who follow you are proud to have been here during these important years and wish to continue to be a part of this redevelopment.

May you be blessed with much good fortune, and I hope our paths will cross again.

Sincerely yours,

William F. Kellow

William F. Kellow, M.D.
Dean 1961 - 1967

JOSEPH R. DiPALMA, M.D.

Joseph R. DiPalma, M.D.

Acting Dean

HUGH D. BENNETT, M.D.

Hugh D. Bennett

Associate Dean

JOSEPH S. GONNELLA, M.D.
Assistant Dean 1966 - 1967

LEROY B. SCOTT, M.A.
Registrar

LUCY F. COOKE, B.S., in Ed.
Librarian

CARL C. FISCHER, M.D.
Acting Director of Medical Affairs

PRE-CLINICAL YEARS

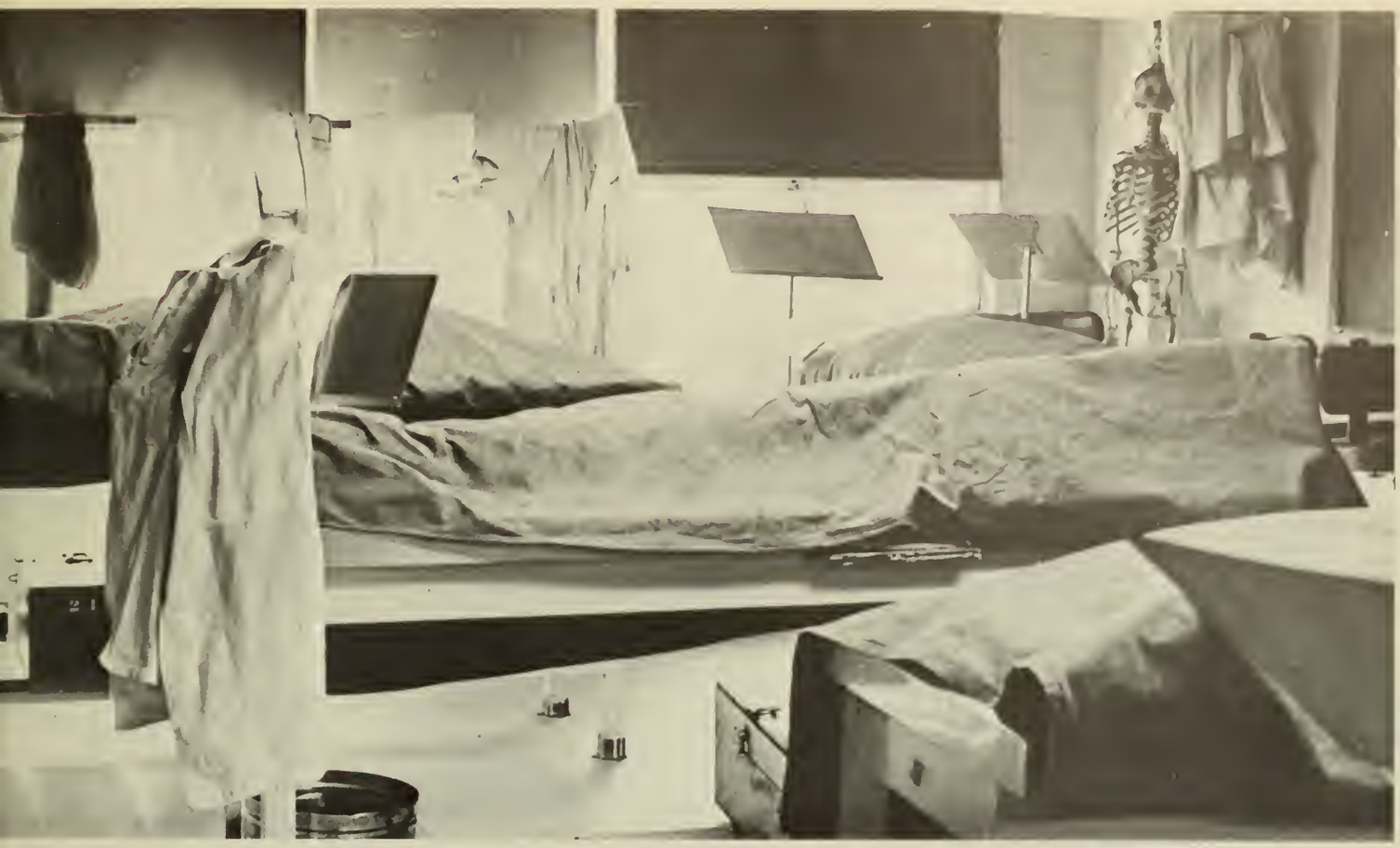
ANATOMY

Dried tissues, "borrowed" dissection kits and smelly clothes are the hallmarks of gross anatomy. Combine these prime virtues with long lectures, misplaced X's and Y's multi-colored chalk, and interlacing nerve pathways and you have all that remains of 612 hours, The origins and insertions, nerve and vascular supplies, boney landmarks and functions were diligently memorized and somehow retained long enough to pass National Boards. Anatomy is not to be believed or remembered, but rather lived through and appreciated. It is the first step in a long, often traumatic process which sets the physician apart from other people, but which makes him more a part of them.

BERWIND N. KAUFMANN, M.D., Chairman. "Darn it! How did my finger paintings get in here?"

JEANNE McCREIGHT, Ph.D., "Cut that out Jeanne, it tickles."

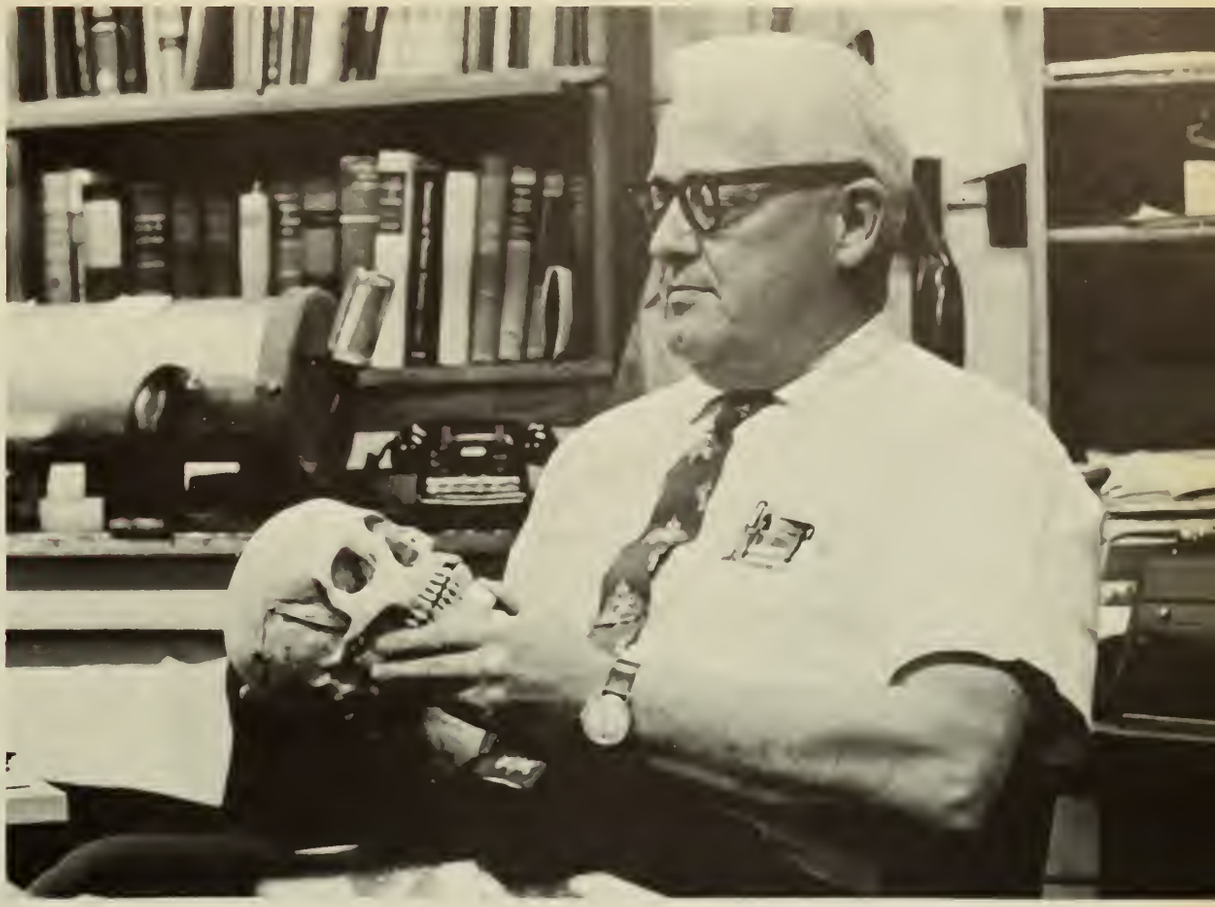
MARY JANE C. SHOWERS, Ph.D. "Dr. Fink says that this is like playing with feces."



PETER S. AMENTA, Ph.D. The greater omentum.

A loaf of bread, a jug of beer, a cold bod, and thou.

KATHRYN E. FUSCALDO, Ph.D. "Skol"



JOHN H. VAN DYKE, Ph.D. "His group had 22% Fewer cavities."

ROBERT M. ABELSON, Ph.D. "Of course you probably know more about this than I do . . ."

BIOCHEMISTRY

Cycles and shunts, enzymes and inhibitors, carbon and hydrogen atoms dispensed with ingenious imagination encouraged us all in the belief that biochemistry was a most impotant science and well worth 312 hours of our efforts. However, our rather unproductive contact with unknown milks and fluorescing urines suggested that there might be better ways for us to learn, and sure enough our dynamic, creative teachers found one. Amino acids were put together and our class torn apart for an experiment in medical education, lecturer v s. programmed text v s. machine. The results of this dubious venture are still classified, possibly along with the formula for the department's favorite enzyme, shaftase. With the clarity of memory that conquest often brings we can look back and remember the golden nuggets, the Henderson-Hasselbalch equation, the structural formula of cholesterols, and of course Krebs, Crebs and Craps.

M. JOHN BOYD, Ph.D., Chairman. "Four out of five biochemists prefer ethanol to the essential amino acids."

Our first . . .

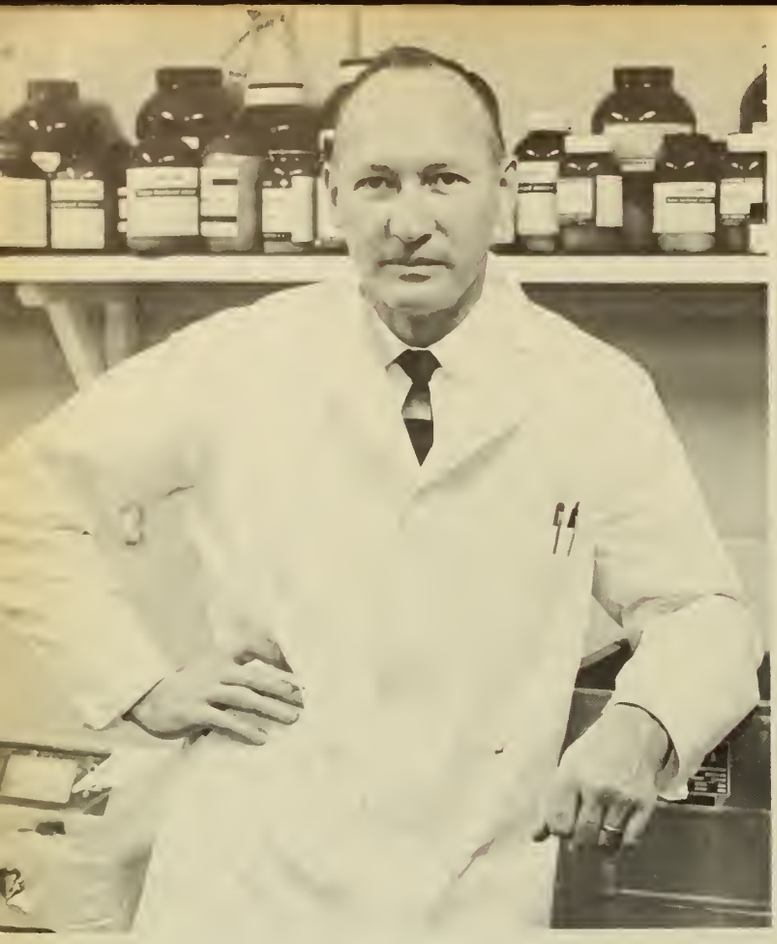
. . . exposure

GERT M. JACOBSOHN, Ph.D. "I can always get a job as a Fuller brush man."

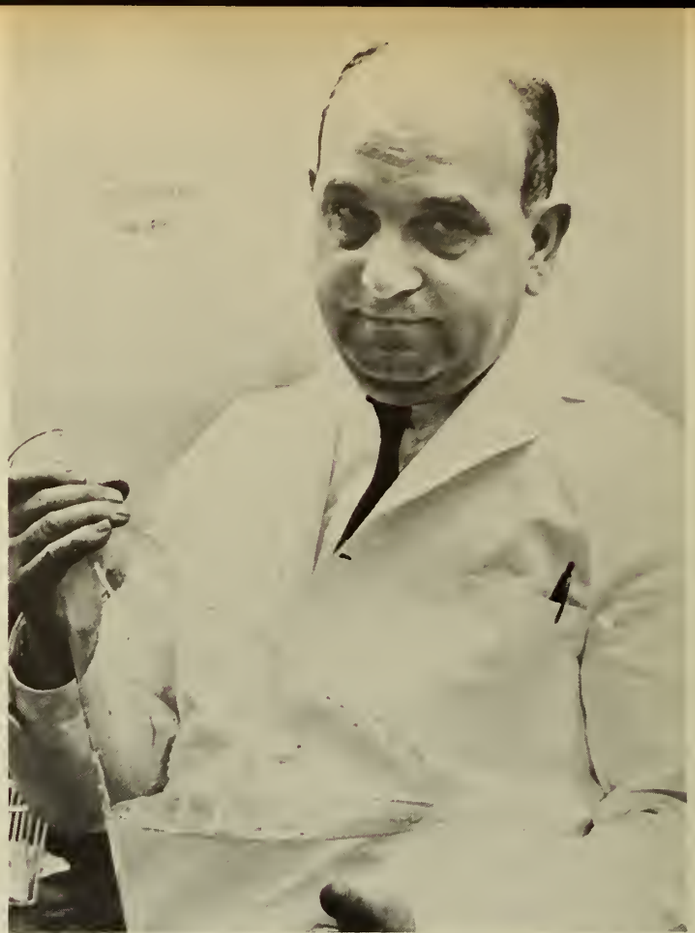
CARL ALPER, Ph.D. "Miss, will you please cover your fur piece."

C. ANGSTADT, PhD.

"Barasch! You fixed me up with a dog again!"

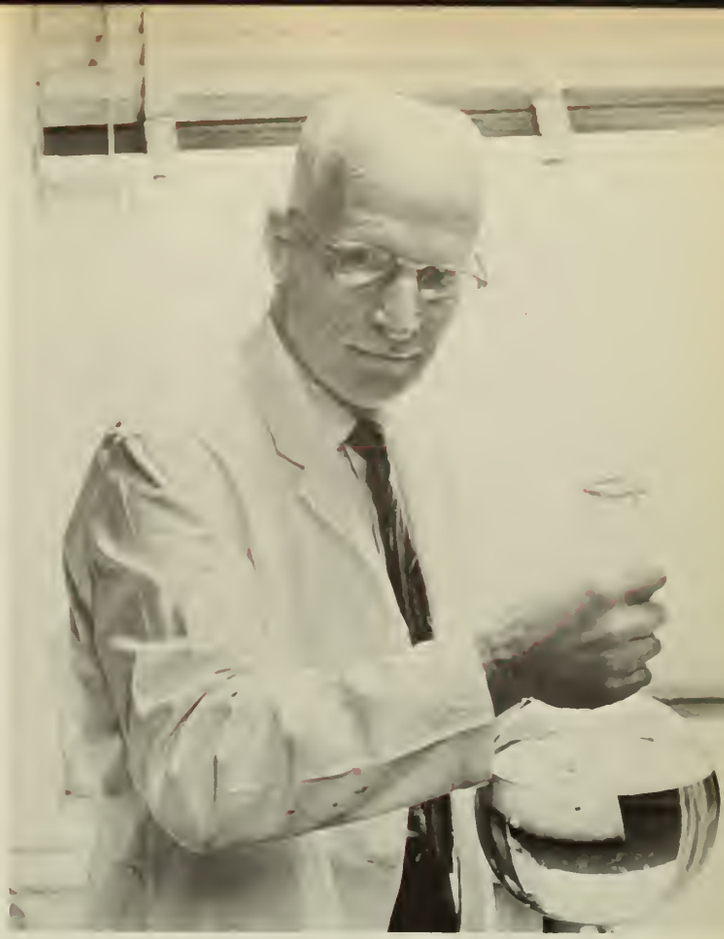


JAMES K. ALEXANDER, Ph.D. "Next year I'll try canning peaches."



JULIUS SCHULTZ, Ph.D. "Please, Great Pumpkin, let it fluoresce."

Lunch was often hard to obtain during labs.



JOSEPH DE FRATES, Ph.D. "This shaft juice is much stronger than last year's. Heh! Heh!

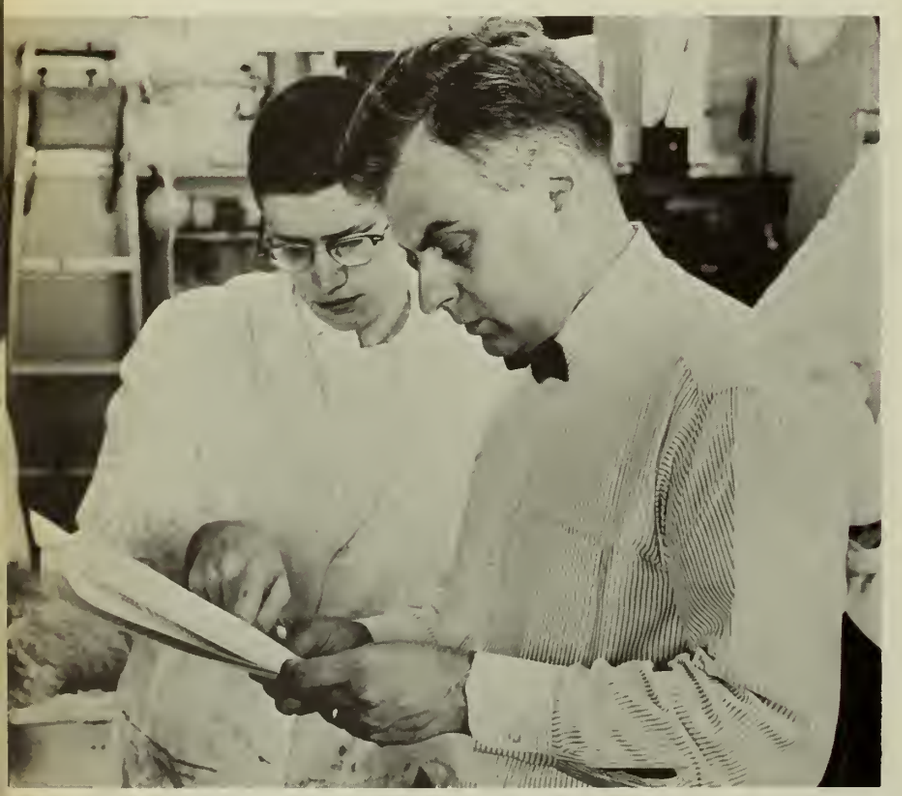
PETER OESPER, Ph.D. "What do you mean, hippie glasses?"

JOHN C. SCOTT, Ph.D., Chairman. "He went for me right here, Emerson! Let's make the Saturday morning quizzes fair."

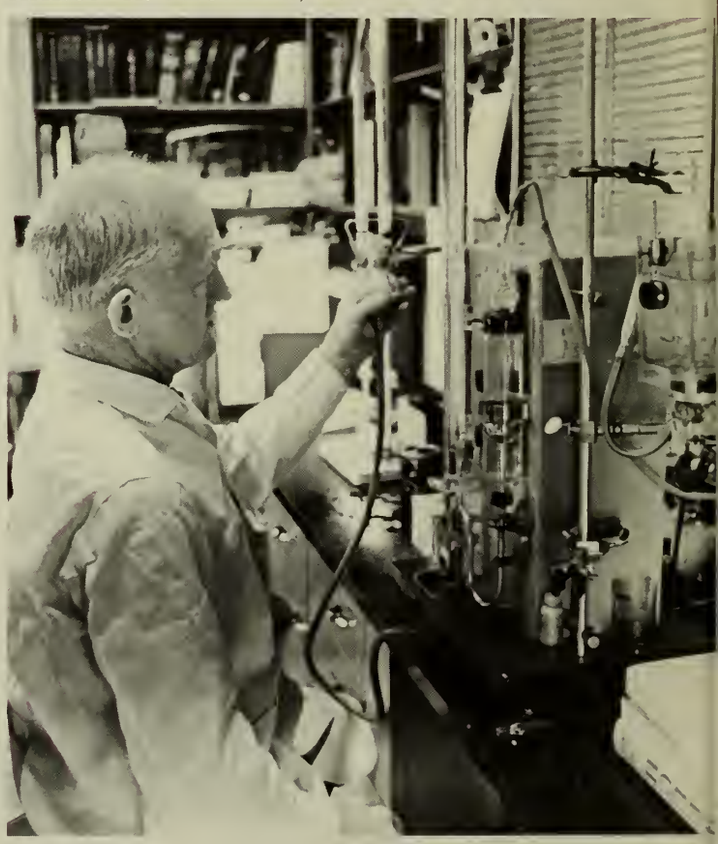
PHYSIOLOGY

Whirling chairs, nauseating tubes and electric shocks will always remind us of whirling chairs, nauseating tubes and electric shocks. For 312 hours she was our demanding master, and long afternoons in labs, 4:30 P.M. lectures and weekly Saturday morning quizzes (Did anyone understand those questions?) are not easily forgotten. Large diamonds and short skirts enlightened our days which were filled with turtle after turtle, cat after cat and dog after dog. But our enthusiasm was hard to kill, and even mouth-to-mouth resuscitation was utilized so that another cat experiment would not be in vain. As physicians we feel secure in our ability to understand all malfunctions of the body, especially pulmonary diseases, thanks to our progressive physiology course.

HUBERT E. APPERT, Ph.D. "Ooh! Ooh! Dr. Scotth isth going to roasth out buuts."



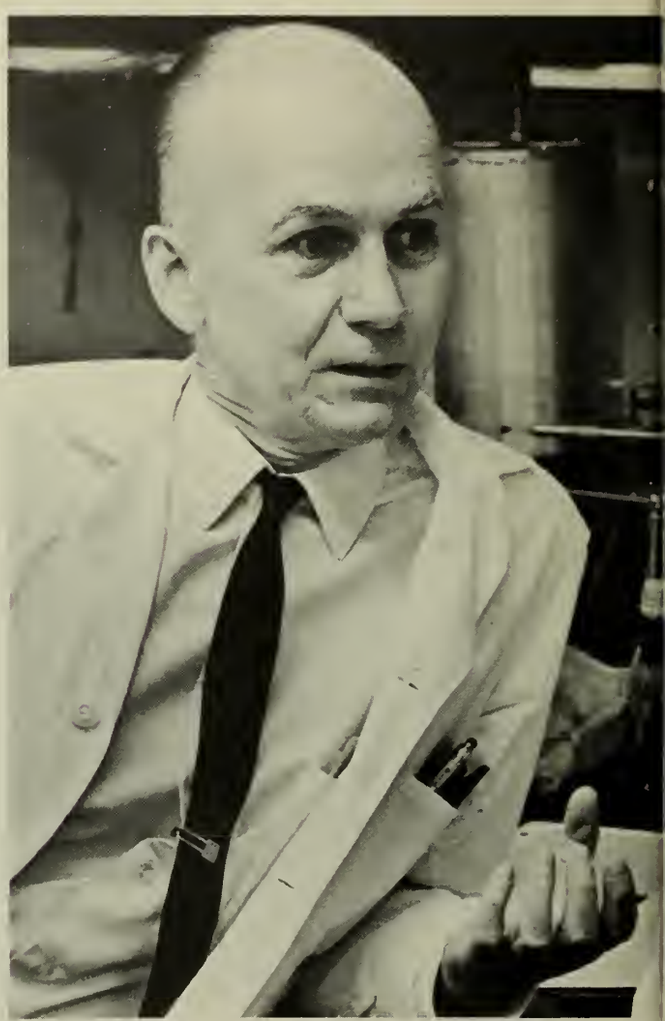
AARON A. BECHTEL, A.B. "Fun for the . . ."



"Charlie, you're not in grade school anymore."

ANN AMBROMOVAGE, Ph.D. "Today's lesson is not in Bard."

WILLIAM T. McELROY, Ph.D. "A funny thing happened to Mommy and me on the way to school today."

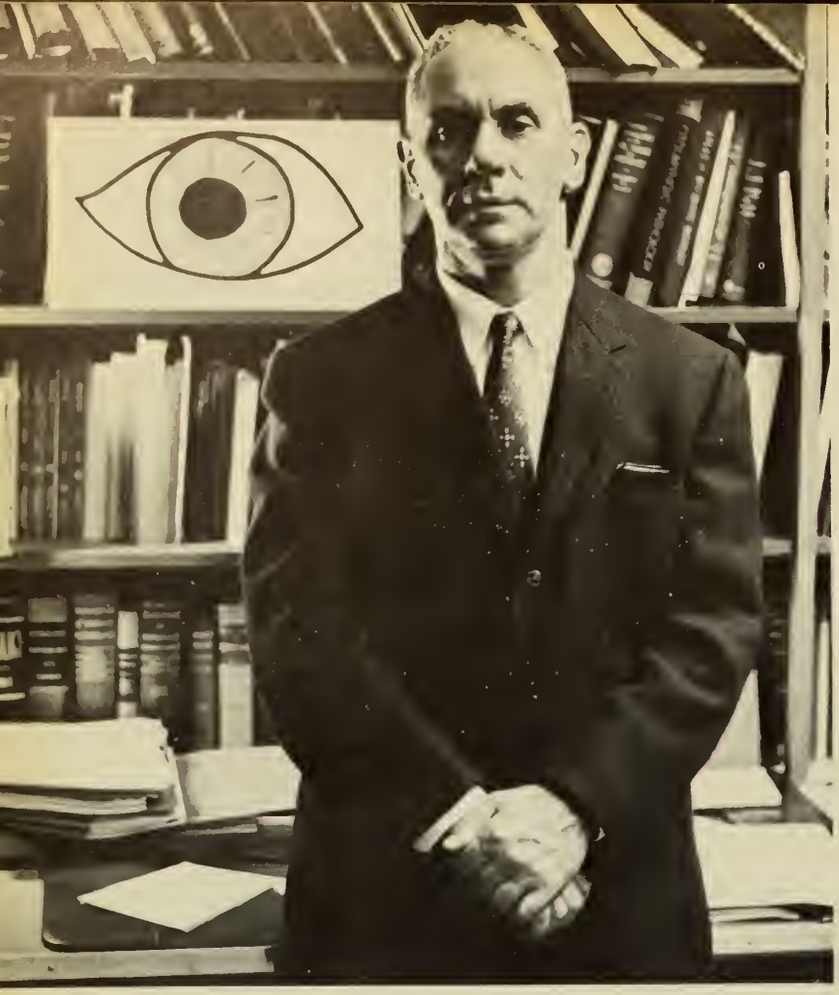


This is the first Hahnemann Hospital admission for this six year old gravida 30, para 20, hairy female.

JOHN J. SPITZER, M.D. "I enjoy teaching. Why do you ask?"

EMERSON A. REED, Ph.D. "Do you grasp the concept of boredom in neurophysiology, son?"

DOROTHY A. LEUNISSEN, Ph.D.



JOSEPH E. IMBRIGLIA, M.D., Chairman. "And now back to the late show featuring the St. Valentine's Day Massacre."

PATHOLOGY

Eyes watched and black belts tightened as we undertook to master the Queen of the Sciences in only 432 hours. We spent numerous hours examining gross specimens (relics of the Civil War) and staring through microscopes at blotches of pink and blue; for our efforts we were rewarded with a kingsized headache. Thanks to the notes left by our predecessors (at $10.00 a set) our daily lectures became Read Along With Mitch sessions. Despite our theories the department proved that it did indeed have a heart when the Big Eye and his two faithful bodyguards performed. Having met and seduced the Queen we knew that we were over one last major hurdle, and we breathed a sigh of relief.

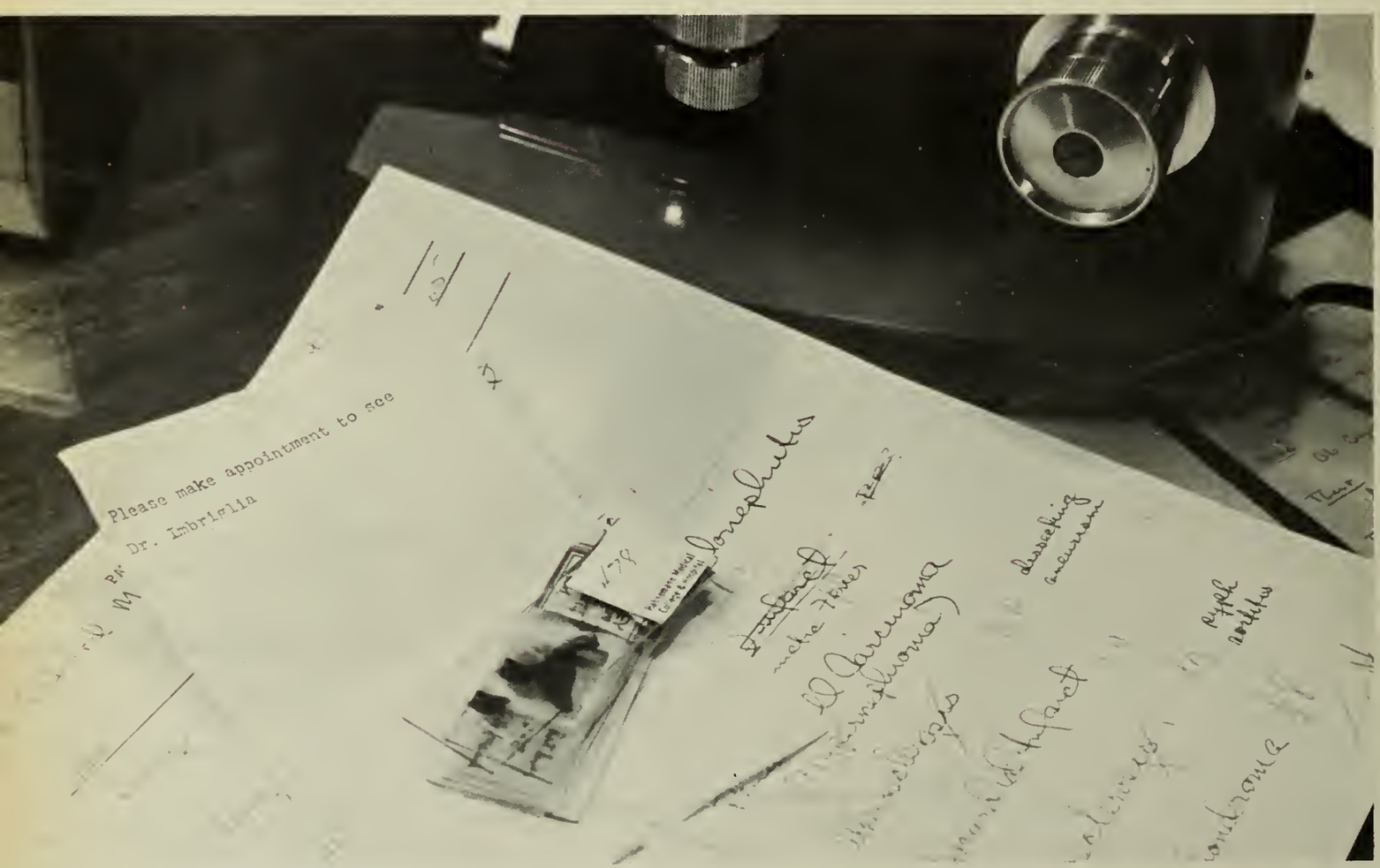
THOMAS K. RATHMELL, M.D. "Here we have all the earthly remains of last year's number one path student. He attended all lectures, conferences, and labs, stayed awake all year, never looked at back exams or used the notes. He was a good man."

IRENA KOPROWSKA, M.D. "I've been thinking for the past hour of how to improve my lectures. Any ideas?"

KARL E. KOIWAI, M.D. "How many students shall we sacrifice to the 'Queen' this year?"

WILLIAM C. KASHATUS, M.D. "I pick Tweety Bird running off at 5 to 1."

JOHN M. DOLPHIN, M.D. "Shall we change the questions this year, or just the answers?"

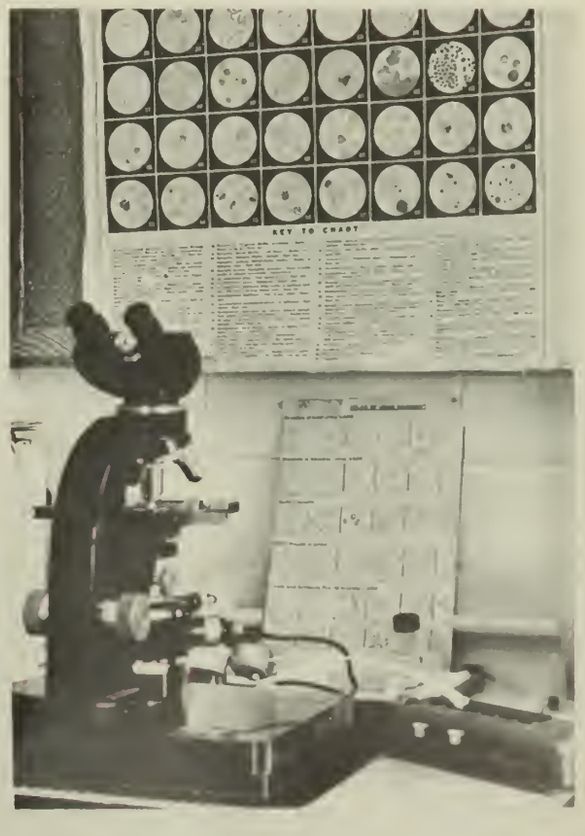


PATHOLOGY

ALEXANDER NEDWICH, M.D. "Don't try to understand, just answer the qvestion."

MILTON TELLEM, M.D. (1925 - 1966) Physician, scholar, teacher, friend.

ROSARIO MANIGLIA, M.D. "This has been the sad end of many a good man."



MICROBIOLOGY

Agar plates, wire loops, Bunsen burners and Gram's stain are the tools of the trade; I. M. insults are what we best remember. Nice guys, Tse Tse flies and Barbelles combined to make these 200 hours of study particulary pleasant. This island of peace and tranquility amidst the tempest that was the sophomore year introduced us to the viruses, bacteria and parasites which cause human disease, but somehow we emerged unscathed, still believing that a bug is a bug.

AMEDEO BONDI, JR., Ph.D., Chairman. "And while the Germans were marching over the Lowlands, Brucellosis was marching over me."

ALBERT G. MOAT, Ph.D. "And I promise never to show the slide at Hahnemann."

JAY M. HAMMELL, Ph.D. "I've never seen one either, but Zinsser has a good picture."

"Sorry son, but we could only give you a '90' on this one."

RICHARD L. CROWELL, Ph.D.

PETER STELOS, Ph.D. "Everyone at Kulla's is just fine."

JOSEPH R. DiPALMA, M.D., Chairman. "We is here to loin youse guys pharmacology . . . see."

PHARMACOLOGY

To "D" or not to "D", that was the question, and the final provided an emphatic answer for all but a few. For 162 hours we bravely tried to control the population explosion and to avoid "volunteering" for one of Benjie's experiments. We soon realized that there was no easy way to master this complex subject, for who can devise a mnemonic for **Strophanthus gratus** (We don't know what it is either). We learned the difference between pills, tablets, elixirs, syrups, tinctures and waters, and that 150 cc bottles aren't available. Surprisingly we passed and as astute clinicians we now write all orders for medication the proper way, the generic way.

ALEXANDER GERO, Ph.D. "And kids, when you get your yo-yos, make sure they're genuine Hahnemann High sleepers."

WARREN CHERNICK, D.Sc. "I bought it at Woolworths, why?"

Placebo 10 mg. p.o.

"Research experiments on humans are perfectly safe," says Ben Calesnick, here performing for the students.

BENJAMIN CALESNICK, M.D. "Don't feel bad, Bender. Now they'll think you're Fearless Fosdick."

EDWARD I. CIACCIO, Ph.D. "And when the mouse starts to urinate, all you have to do is catch it in this syringe."

I like long cigars better.

FRANK BOVE, M.S. and JOHN Di GREGGORIO, PhD. "Big Joe says that we have to stop working at making it easy for the students."

JENS CHRISTIANSEN, M.D. (1898 - 1967) He will be missed.

"And then the traveling salesman said to the farmer's daughter . . ."

CLINICAL YEARS

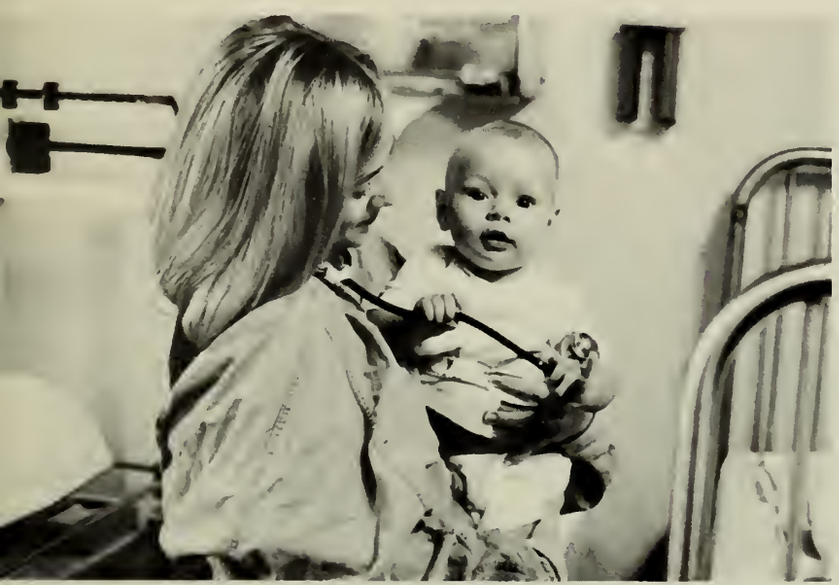
PEDIATRICS

CARL C. FISCHER, M.D. Forty years of dedicated service.

We were noisily introduced to the special medicine of little patients in 576 hours of feeding schedules, immunization routines, percentile charts, spelling and grammar. Enfamil with or without became a standard question even when the childs problem was appendicitis. Much of our time was spent in clinic which was an unending stream of sick children and sicker mothers. Comprehensive Pediatrics was always good for a laugh. Despite the wet diapers and the diarrhea investigations we were impressed by these little people and their special problems. We may forget the black magic of desensitization, perhaps the complexities of IV fluid theapy, and surely the multiplicity of viral infections, but never the crying child who was alone and afraid until the Dr. in the short white coat smiled and gave him comfort.

GERALD M. FENDRICK, M.D. "No more cracks about my barber."

JOSEPH A. HESCH, M.D. "The best way to tell sex is by the color of the blanket."



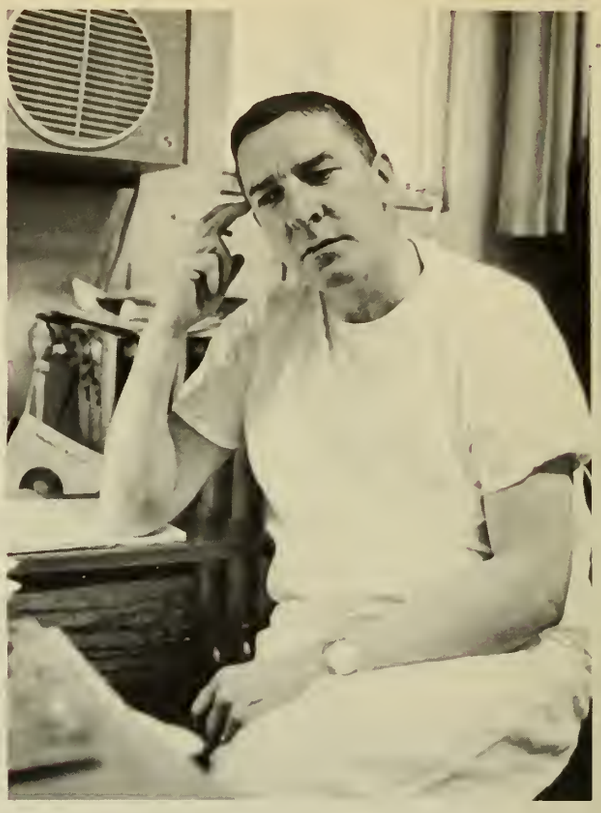
"Watch what you grab, son."

JERRY S. EHRLICH, M.D. "What do you think, Fuzzy?"

SUMNER R. ZIEGRA, M.D. "PGH discovered 'Comp Peds.'"

ARTHUR LIPSCHUTZ, M. D. "Mother, your child is allergic to you."

Student and child, mother and apple pie, Old Glory.



DANIEL F. DOWNING, M.D. "Barbero?"

MARTIN BAREN, M.D. "No mother, that isn't my lollypop!"

JEROME A. HUBSHER, M.D. "God! Here comes another mother."

LOUISE SANDLER, PhD. Comprehensive Pediatrics' best.

"Hey, Crouthamel, you spiked my milk!"

GIULIO J. BARBERO, M.D., Chairman.

PSYCHIATRY

VAN BUREN O. HAMMETT, M.D., Chairman.
Shine on harvest moon.

For 390 hours we lived our Alice in Wonderland existence with this alien science. In numerous conferences with patients and preceptors (often indistinguishable) we explored the id, ego and superego, the drives and defense mechanism, and the conscious and unconscious. Who will ever forget the first time that he was alone with a psychotic patient to take a history and "whats your chief complaint?" seemed like a foolish question. Gradually we learned that mental illness is but an exaggeration of mechanisms common to us all and we became less anxious dealing with such problems. Psychiatry at Hahnemann is undeniably first class and we should all be better physicians thanks to this training.

PAUL J. FINK, M.D. "Honest to God fellas, it was this long."

They still wonder why the patients never had any money.

DON E. JOHNSON, M.D. "I think I just passed flatus."

HERBERT M. ADLER, M.D. "Page my friend Extern Heckman for a consult."

"Doc, you gotta help me. I have this thing for cheese."

HERMAN S. BELMONT, M.D. "So I threw it right back at him."

HENRY EISNER, M.D. "The word is out on Mrs. Barr."

CARROLL A. WEINBERG, M.D. "Tonight I'm playing the piano underwater in my clown suit."

FRANKLIN H. WEST, M.D. "Not her too!"

JEROME KARASIC, M.D. "Stop calling me Boris Karloff!"

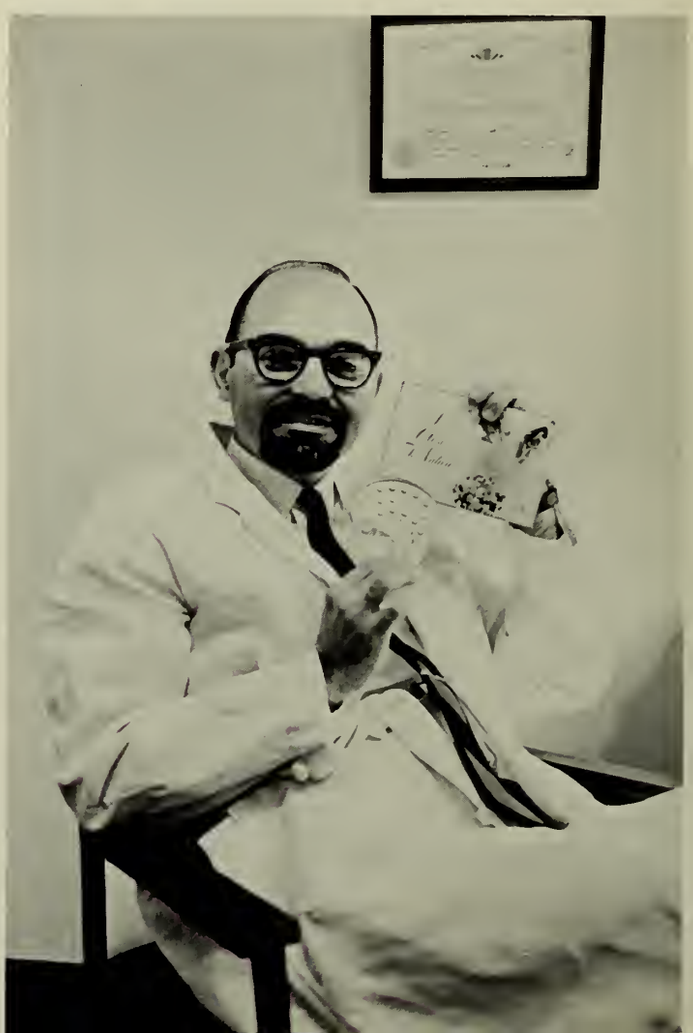
OBSTETRICS GYNECOLOGY

Hahnemann's 576 hour course in midwivery exposed us to the fine points of measuring fundal heights, timing contractions, examining placentas, tying umbilical cords and estimating APGAR scores. Motherhoods most poignant moments were the 16 year old multiparas saying "don't mash doc." Occassionally our stamina and fortitude were rewarded with opportunity to manage the delivery instead of merely filling out the multitude of attendant forms. Gynecology exposed us to the pleasures of pessaries, foul smelling discharges, hysterectomies, hysterectomies and hysterectomies. The department was so impressed with us as juniors that they sent us all to affiliates as seniors. PGH, Fitzgerald Mercy and Harrisberg; toxemia, blue babies and friendly nurses. We will always remember certain staff men, certain residents, certain patients and a little Ob-Gyne.

GEORGE C. LEWIS, M.D. "One more wise crack and I'll crush you."

BRUCE V. MAC FADYEN, SR., M.D. "Just be careful when you laugh mother."

SEYMOUR STEIN, M.D. "They all say it tickles."



MARSHALL KLAVAN, M.D. "Marriage?"

"Help, I'm the milkman and I've been trapped here for three months."

NEWLIN PAXSON, M.D. "This is dedicated to the one I love."

RICHARD E. GIBBONS, M.D. "You should have seen her jump when I inserted that cold speculum."

PAUL S. COPIT, M.D. and PHILIP GERBER, M.D. "They asked me to take over Ob clinic."

Only a medical student can have his eight best friends at the delivery of his first son.

BEATRICE P. TROYAN, M.D. Only her hairdresser knows for sure.

NIEL SILVERMAN, M.D. "I don't believe you've met my wife."

ALBERT COOK, M.D. and REMO LEOMPORRA, M.D. "Smell this, Al."

WILLIAM A. REISHSTEIN, M. D. The world is but a stage.

JAMES H. LEE, JR., M.D. "The most comforting thing about cervical carcinoma is that it only occurs in women."

LARRY McGOWAN, M.D. "We don't do Pap smears on men, Dante."

DOMENIC J. PONTARELLI, M.D. "That's how babies are made, boys."

RADIOLOGY

Crowded corridors, miniscule viewing rooms, moribund patients, barium and noise identify the X-Ray Department. Helpful clerks, lost films and automatic doors to nowhere are its most distinctive traits. New equipment and techniques such as cardiac catheterizations, organ scans, tomograms and the linear accelerator have expanded its diagnostic and theraputic abilities far beyond previously imagined limitations. Yet we still find it incomprehensible that a patient who is too ill to stand is

1. carried to the 3rd floor log jam and then ignored for 3 hours.
2. placed with bare behind onto a cold table by a cold technician with cold hands.
3. told to lie still for 2 hours while we place large needles into his small sclerotic carotids in order to take a few pictures.
4. returned to the hallway where he is ignored for another 3 hours until being returned to his room.
5. billed for the above diagnostic study (which was probably inconclusive).

J. STAUFFER LEHMAN, M.D., Chairman. "Stop playing handball on my garage."

GERALD A. GOODMAN, M.D. "They gave me $10 to model this shirt."

WILLIAM J. LEVY, M.D. "What a wild set of dentures."

Fred Karis "... four bagel and one dozen knishes, that's $1.98 Mrs. Greenberg."

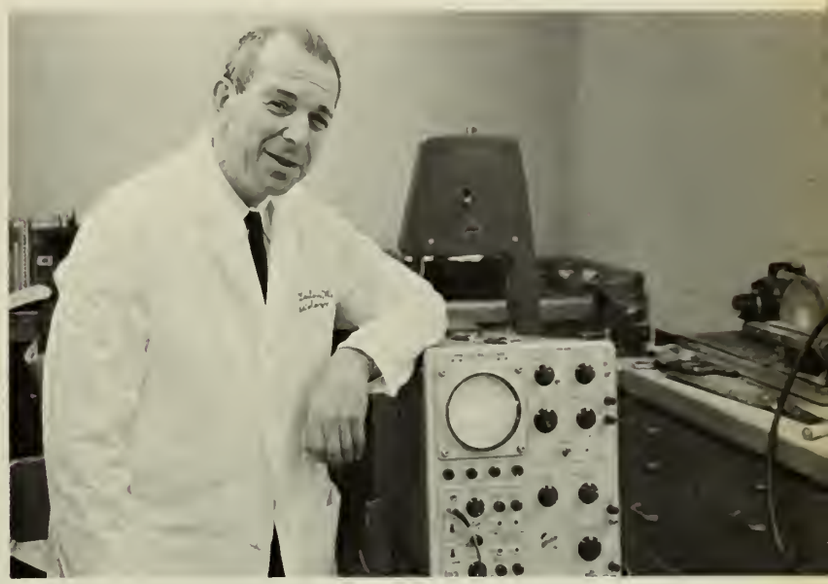
MILLARD N. CROLL, M.D. "Anybody falls asleep and I use this machine to smash his skull."

KENNETH H. SOLL, M.D. "How am I supposed to prove virginity by Xray?"

GEORGE C. EVANS, M.D. "Kindly stop referring to me as Dr. Chubby Checker."

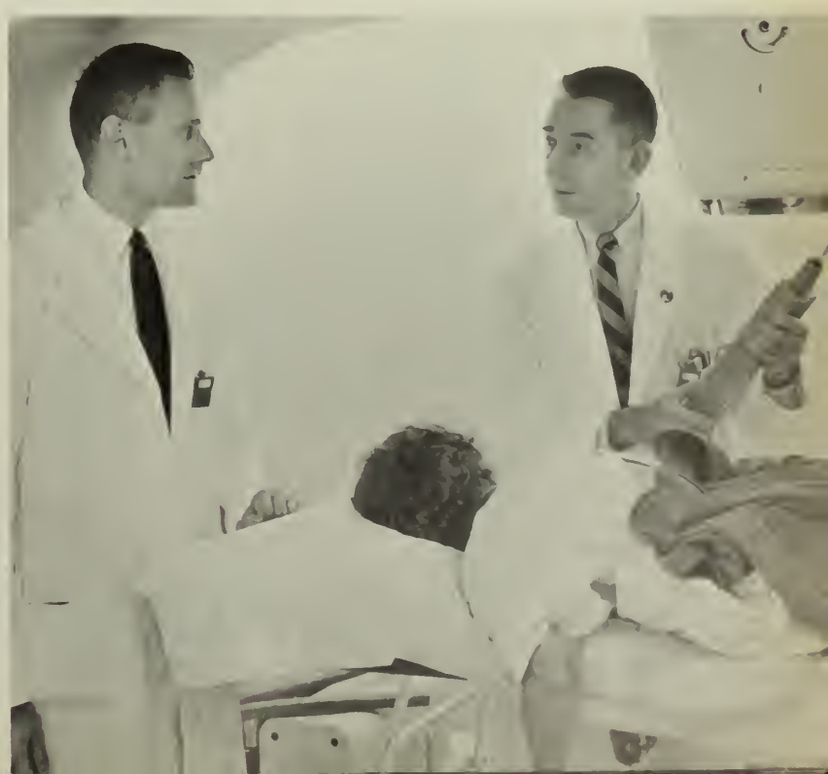
CHRISTOPHER W. CANINO, M.D. "Calling all cars; be on the lookout for a stolen set of air contrast studies."

WILLARD F. SHORT, M.D. "He wouldn't operate on me."



LEONARD STANTON, M.D. "Hey, kids, it's Mr. Wizzard Time."

LUTHER W. BRADY, M.D. and DONALD S. FAUST, M.D. "Would you believe this is a hot line to Miss McCuen?"



SURGERY

We started IV's, changed dressings, removed sutures, trailed residents and administered nursing care for 1152 hours while supposedly learning surgery. We scrubbed on every case and usually ended up with an excellent view of the interns contaminated left arm. All was not wasted however because as seniors we received extensive training in retractor holding and knot cutting. For kicks we could always wander to 6th floor and watch the medical men manage a GI bleeder in spite of the surgeons. Our senior year, Hahnemann's surgical program was modernized so that in addition to our nurses work, scrubs and rounds, we were expected at frequent conferences and clinics where role was taken to stimulate attendance. Surmounting numerous obstacles we learned all the surgery our staff desired to teach.

ROBERT BOWER, M.D. "I'll be home about midnight, dear; my herniorrhaphy starts at 1:00 P.M.

JEWELL L. OSTERHOLM, M.D. "You mean this lady only came in for a wash and set?"

MORTON H. PEARLMAN, M.D. "C'mon Al, let's get in this ballgame."

EDWARD COPPOLA, M.D. "Tell me, what do you think about the appendix?"

KELLY M. BERKLEY, M.D. "Take my advice and marry a doctor."

The Bearmobile

FRANK TROPEA, JR., M.D. "Stromboli are about so long."

CHARLES C. WOLFRETH, M.D. "I don't know what it is, but I hate it."

DRS. BREST, NICHOLS and KASPAR. "We had a deal with NBC worth $50,000, but . . ."

HARRY S. WEAVER, M.D. "Hahnemann's like my second home."

PAUL M. JAMES, JR., M.D. "Have you tried chicken soup?"

JOSEPH FABIANI, M.D. "I guess that will teach you not to lend Dr. Chernick anything."

GERHARD J. GISLASON, M.D. "Sorry, buddy, but it has to come off."

SIDNEY TOBIAS, M.D. and ALEXANDER E. PEARCE, M.D. "And then she made Mary countersign my orders."

HENRY T. NICHOLS, M.D. and ALBERTO ADAM, M.D. "Damn it, Alberto, can't you use a Bovie yet?"

AXEL K. OLSEN, M.D. "Let thy speach be better than silence, or be silent." Dionysius

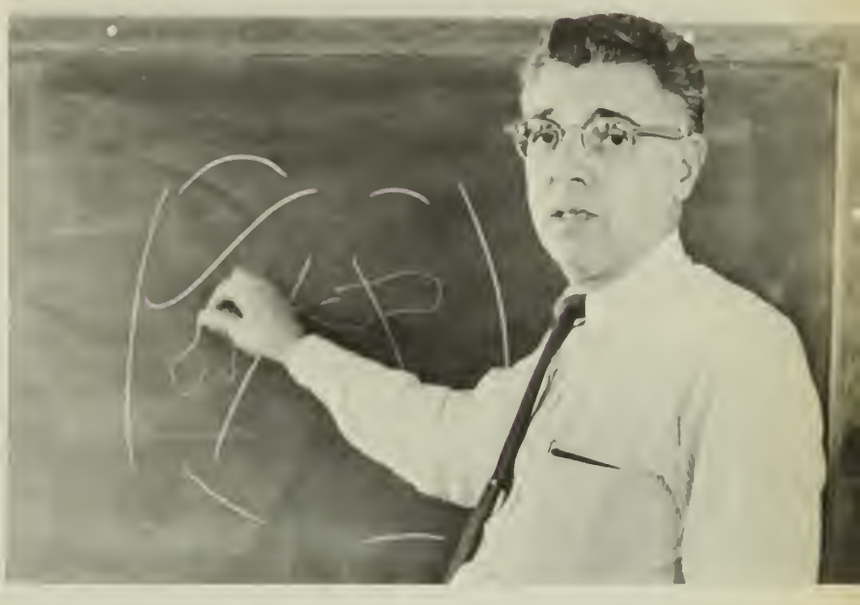
"What gallbladder murmur?"

ROBERT BOWER, M.D. and WILBUR W. OAKS, M.D. The tortoise and the hare.

DONALD A. NAGLE, M.D. "I built it with my Lincoln Log Set."

ALEXANDER W. ULIN, M.D. "Who suggested that I transfer the patient to medicine?"

JOHN M. HOWARD, M.D. "Nikita? Mah name is Johnny Howard."



DEMETRIUS S. SARIS, M.D. "I think the spleen's over there.

OSCAR CORN, M.D. ". . . and on the top of the little house is a little roof."

MEDICINE

Roundsmanship was the name of this 1152 hour game. Nurses, student nurses, orderlies and elevator operators were the obstacles. High powered interns, residents and attendings were the compensation. From the onset our profound ignorance was painfully obvious and there were many times we almost gave up. But slowly we acquired skills and judgement, knowledge and confidence. We became experts at tracing lost lab values, lost biopsy slides and lost patients. One upmanship became a way of life and many orders were written to rule out the one in a million chance that the case might be reportable. MI's and CVA's were soon mastered and hence avoided with great inginuity in hope of something more interesting such as retroperitoneal fibrosis. Finally, it all became worth while when we made our first correct diagnosis without assistence.

JOHN H. MOYER, III, M.D., Chairman. "Yes, Virginia, there really is a John Moyer."

WILLIAM LIKOFF, M.D. Would you buy a used car from this man?

WILLIAM S. BLUMENTHAL, M.D. "I wonder how Leon likes Texas?"

ELLIOTT L. MANCALL, M.D. "I always help Mom with her 10 P.M. snacks."

RAUL FLEISCHMAJER, M.D. "If it's wet, dry it. If it's dry, wet it. If this doesn't work, use steroids."

DANIEL MASON, M.D. "We sent her home when her Blue Cross ran out."

GEORGINA FALUDI-SIEGLER, M.D. "Ladies, gentlemen, and diabetics . . ."

JOSEPH M. GAMBESCIA, M.D. ". . . proving that olive oil is more effective than steriods."

JOSEPH O'MALLEY, M.D. and PETER SIGMANN, M.D. "Don't feel bad, Peter, I couldn't keep up with him either."

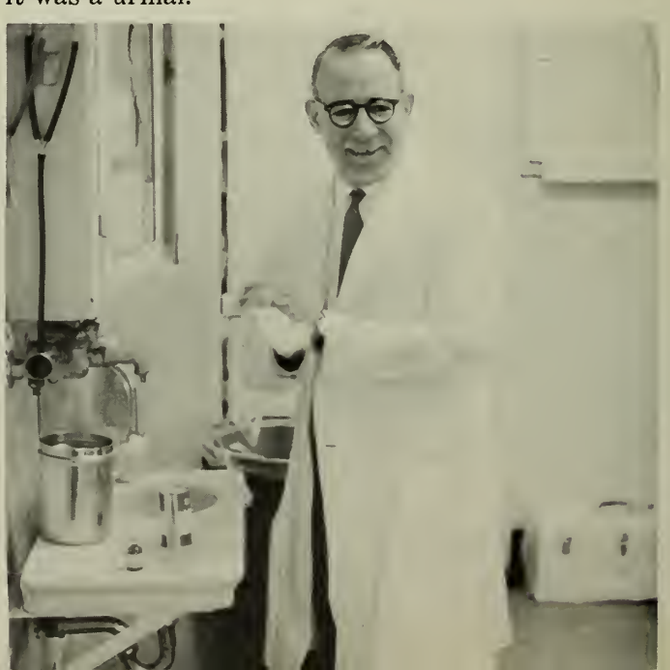
LEONARD DREIFUS, M.D. "It only cost 50c at the barber school."

ALBERT N. BREST, M.D. "Would you buy a used anything from this man?"

MARVIN DEREZIN, M.D. and STANLEY SPTIZER, M.D. "His gimmick is mesenteric angina."

ROBERT GATTER, M.D. "Son of a gun, I thought it was a urinal."

Name one thing right with this picture.

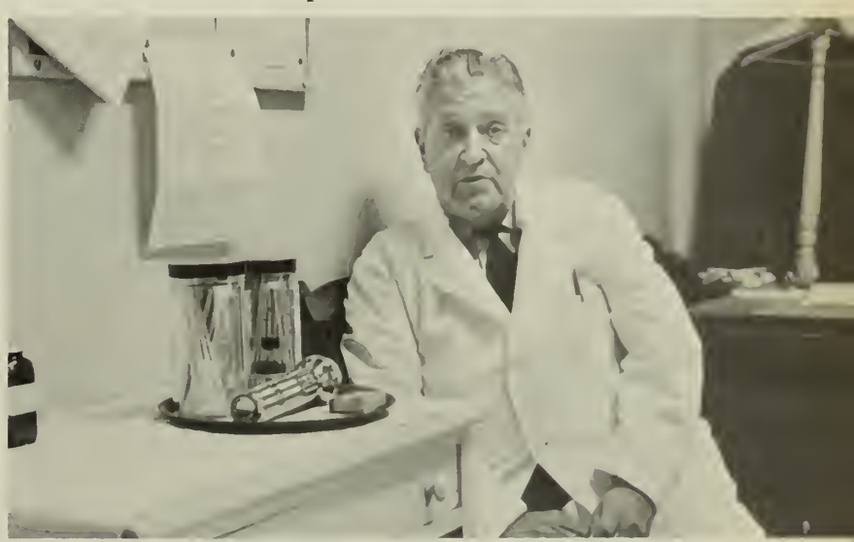


DANIEL J. McCARTY, M.D.

EDWARD D. COPPOLA, M.D. and ROBERT SELLER, M.D.
Surgery is more effective than aspirin.

HUGH D. BENNETT, M.D. "I can't even get a cab to 11th and Walnut."

JOSEPH S. GONNELLA, M.D. "Call Kellow and tell him I'll be right over."



JOHN H. DAVIE, M.D. "I feel run down, Miss Walton. How about some tetracycline?"

JOSEPH F. URICCHIO, M.D. "The Mafia said to cure him or else."

SIGMUND B. KAHN, M.D. Smoke gets in your marrow.

BERNARD L. SEGAL, M.D. "Urology wants equal time to show their cath films."

PAUL B. SOLNICK, M.D. "Psst. Wanna see some dirty pictures?"

WILBUR W. OAKS, M.D. "Aw, come on coach, put me in."

JOHN H. NODINE, M.D. "How long will you be staying, sir?"

PHILIP LISAN, M.D. "Savarese, 'big heart' is hardly an adaquate diagnosis."

LESLIE NICHOLS, M.D. Well known skin man.

ALBERT J. KASPAR, M.D. and STANLEY SPITZER, M.D. "Stan, you're even boring me."

CHARLES M. THOMPSON, M.D. Will someone please wake up Ed Polish?"

LEON A. KAUFFMAN, M.D. "In reality I'm a World War I flying ace created by Schultz."

ROBERT H. SELLER, M.D. and ALLAN KELLERMAN, M.D. "Look who's talking about greasy kid's stuff."

MICHAEL P. BRIGNOLA, M.D. "Why do you think I became a chest man, to give rectals?"

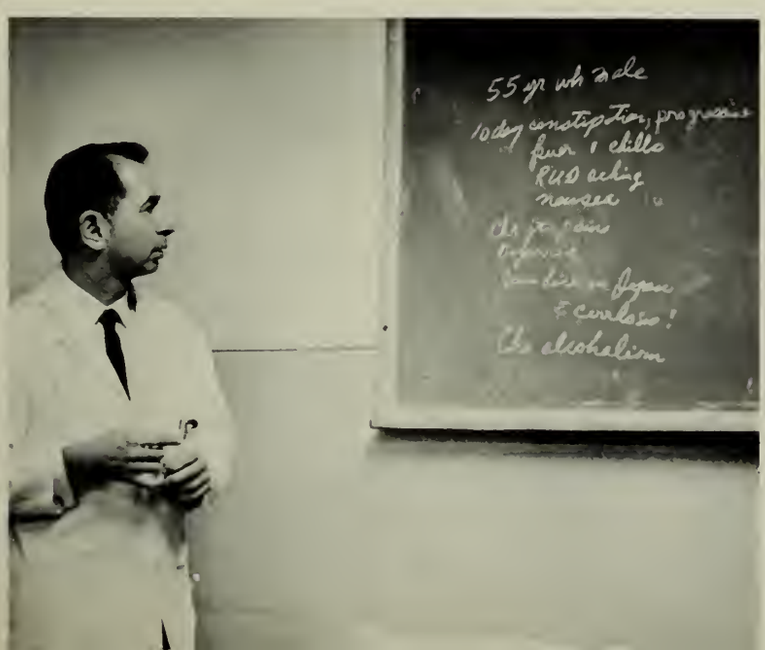
LEON M. CARP, M.D. "That's not the diagnosis you made on admission, Frank!"

HOBART A. REIMANN, M.D. "Never use more than 10,000 units of penicillin a day."

PATRICIA A. GERMON, M.D. "What a great idea, sugar coated INH."

"Extern Guaraldo, would you please come up and explain your progress note."

EUGENE COODLEY, M.D. Next year, PGH will be as good as MGH."



GORDON BENDERSKY, M.D. "How about dinner by candlelight at Abe's?"

ISADORE BRODSKY, M.D. "No bear in a ranger suit tells me where I can smoke."

PETER E. SIEGLER, M.D. "Dear Santa."

MORTON FUCHS, M.D. "I'm betting the number four horse. How about you?"

GADDO ONESTI, M.D. and OSVALDO RAMIREZ-MUXO, M.D. "That wasn't lemonade you drank, Gaddo!"

EDWIN POLISH, M.D. "I'll take corned beef on rye, hold the mustard."

LEONARD DREIFUS, M.D. and WILLIAM LIKOFF, M.D. "Let's give this guy the hook."

CHARLES SWARTZ, M.D. "Hmmm. So United Urine is down two points."

BENEDICT KIMMELMAN, D.D.S. "This bridge is like the one I constructed over the Ohio."

SHELDON R. BENDER, M.D. "Do you really think I look like Troy Donahue?"

LEWIS C. MILLS, M.D. "Dear Dr. Moyer, where are you?"

DRS. O'MALLEY, OAKS and BRODSKY "You're in good hands with Allstate."

FRANK TROPEA, JR., M.D. "Get me the hell out of here."

ACTIVITIES

CANDIDS

Horn and Hardart round with the acromegalic schizophrenic.

"With his beard and my ties."

"Your time's up D'Artagnan"

Chest Clinic in July

"I give up, Dr. Lewis. How are babies made?"

"So you're leaving too. Maybe I can run for dean."

"If I say a quarter of an inch, from the knot, I mean a quarter of an inch."

Our 1968 Xmas party.

"... and for the first 100 people who call Lo 4-5000..."

These Laural and Hardy's are tremendous.

"It sure beats working for Kashatus."

"Who ordered the IV toilet paper?"

"You owe us $394.52."

"Sorry honey. Only married students can get Ortho Novum."

"It's fantastic. Satava has 123 now."

"It's 12:30 and you still haven't killed the dog."

Man in search of Foley.

Pay toilets are cheaper.

"You play for what rock and roll group?"

"So I told her it was my first time too."

"For you, Antoine $2.95."

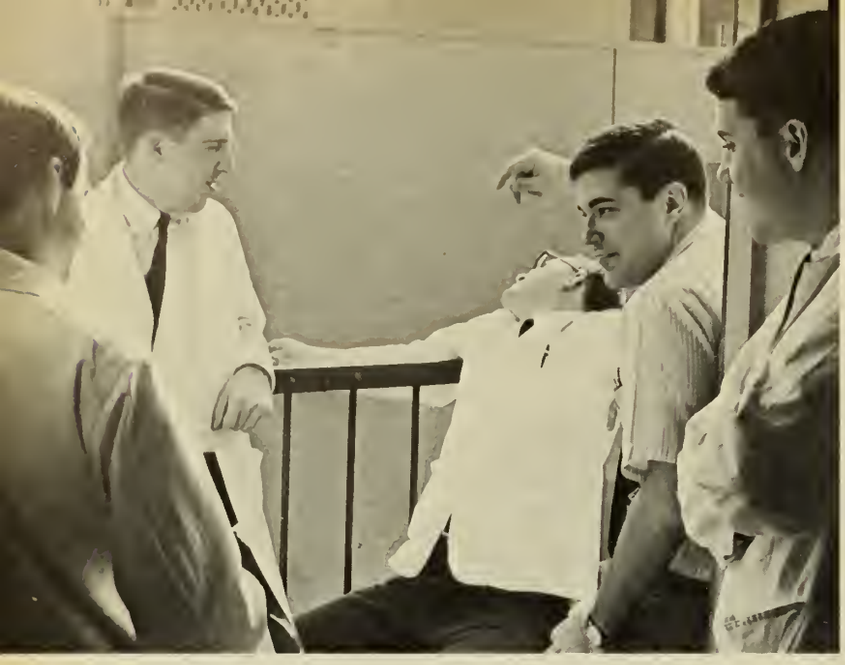
"Please don't spit in the fish tank."

"No! But let's put his name on the overdue list anyhow."

"On your next rectal Joe, I suggest you use a glove."

"You'll never guess who just asked me out."

Batman's arch enemy, the Meldmaster.



"There's something warm moving behind yonder curtains!"

"Let's call Extern Fields, I hear he was up all night."

The Hahnemann Chowder and Thigh Watcher Club

"But I can't have 99 of them finished in time for winter!"

"Oh my, I. Sanford, you devilish Latin lover. I had no idea you were like that."

"Frank Brosgol did it."

Time: 4:30 P.M. Place: Classroom B. Lecturer: Emerson Reed.

Here's another 4:30 P.M. admission.

The PATH to knowledge.

"... and when the wicked witch was killed, they all lived happily ever after."

"Do you think you could use Ban next time Bernie?"

Spirit of Christmas Past

"Meet me after lab Imbriglia, and we'll settle this outside."

John Moyer, Chairman, Department of Medicine

"I'm taking Yom Kippur off too."

"O Solo Mio"

"I swear I only got three right."

CLASS HISTORY

Dear Mama, Sept. 20, 1964

Today I am a doctor. I brought a long white coat, met my cadaver, was approached by two fraternities, sat in on a political harangue (class meeting) and ate lunch at Sol's ("The food must be good—all the doctors eat here"). I guarantee you, Mama, that no doctor ever had a busier day.

I also met the man who interviewed me. You remember him, that tall skinny fellow. I thought he was a doctor or psychiatrist or something, but he's only the registrar. He is simply amazing. As we filed into classroom A for our first lecture he stood by the door admonishing my classmates to shave closer, straighten their ties and comb their hair. I thought medical school was on a graduate level, but it seems more like a military academy.

Our first lecturer threw information at us as though we were reviewing it for the fifth time, and me still trying to decide which book to buy. The nice lady in the bookstore told us we could charge so I bought them all. Three fellows and I are moving into a two room apartment on Summer Street with a real nice view. One of them is an Italian boy with a big nose glasses, but the way he talks I think maybe he's Jewish. Anyway we elected him class president. Oh yeh Mama, an Interesting thing. Eleven members of my class are girls. Susan B. Anthony would be proud.

Love,
Irving

Dear Mama, March 13, 1965

"Never Lower Tillie's Pants, Grandmother Might Come Home" With such articulate phrases I passed anatomy. I got a C. Would have gotten a B, but I forgot that "the lingual nerve, she threw a curve around the hypoglossus." Many of the fellows found exams difficult and just this week the dean sent out get well wishes. Mama, don't worry about that letter saying I'm on probation, everyone got one.

Things have slackened enough that I decided I should take off one night a week. So I met a nice girl. We have a club that meets regularly at Lassoff's (Hahnemann's answer to Pearl Mesta). A beautiful place it isn't, but its only been raided once. She's a student nurse. No, she doesn't attend services on Fri-

day nights, but then neither do I. Don't worry mom, I haven't forgotten I was bar mitzvahed.

Yesteday I drew my first blood. Funny that we got our first detailed lecture on hematomas (they're blood clots) just prior to this. Since my partner took blood from me I haven't been able to straighten my arm. It just hangs there.

Love,

Irving

P.S. Michael DeBakey is my hero.

June 21, 1965

Dear Mama,

Papa would be proud. He would in fact consider me a mensch. I'm earning my way through school. One of the pharmacology professors wants to collect my urine for two months. I'm helping him discover the effects of a new diuretic, a nitrogen mustard derivative. Most of us are interested in research. My roomate a good STUDent is fertilizing West Philadelphia at $35 a shot.

Philsiology is a particularly valuable course that fills in my schedule. Sort of makes certain that I don't leave before 5:30. This seems to be a most important custom in medical school. A typical scene in lab was me sitting with my feet immersersed in buckets of ice water with a Levine tube down my nose while spinning around in an antique dentists chair. Meanwhile Sparks and Primiano were fighting to put ECG leads on Falbo while Hemstreet was giving artificial respiration to a cat. This is a typical coordinated day.

Listen, I'm going to be in Philadelphia for the summer. Dr. Fink, a psychiatrist, is interested in the human sexual response. I'll be working in the lab with those eleven girls in my class. Should be interesting. For excitement, though, I understand that I can get to the shore on the weekends.

I gotta go.

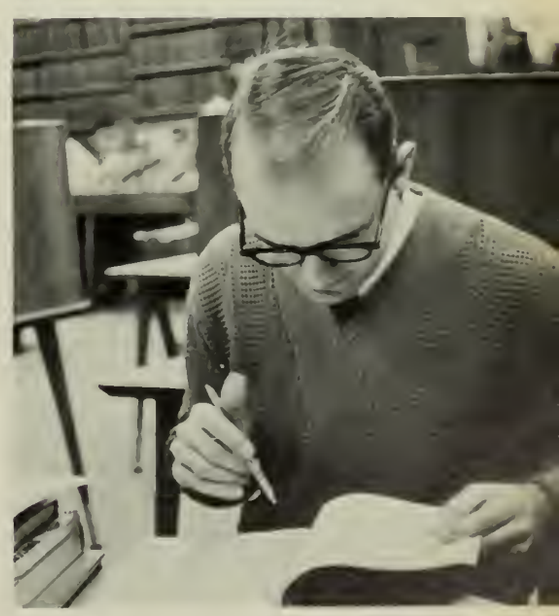
Love,

Irving

Feb. 4, 1966

Dear Mama,

Today, I am a computer with emotional overtones. It is the day prior to the pathology exam. I know as many facts as a computer, but the thought of swallowing another makes me nauseous I can't afford to be nauseous until tomorrow. That's when we regurgitate it right back. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, Mama.



We started physical diagnosis the other day. Felt funny introducing myself as "Doctor Irving" to the patient. Felt funny seeing a patient. As a matter of fact, up until now, I didn't know what one looked like. I skillfully questioned the patient to elicit the pertinent information. I asked about excessive conjuctival irritation and nasal septal assymetry. However, the most important question turned out to be, "How's your heart, Lady?" She told me she had Wolf-Parkinson-White syndrome and then tried to explain to me what it meant.

Listen, thank Uncle Harry for the $36 reflex hammer he bought me. It's almost as good as the one Lilly gives us.

Love,
Irving

June 29, 1966

Dear Mama,

Sorry I haven't written much this year, but I've been very busy. I've been involved in "joke-a-thons", a few catered zoo parties, and the Black and Blue Ball, an affair held at the swank Carlton Arms. We also had a faculty party that was held at the Barclay (at the request of the Dorchester). In between these activities I've attended a few classes. Thank God for Eda's notes.

The microbiology department has really impressed me with their approach to education. They use visual aids of the highest calibre. Recently we saw an educational film, "Rin Tin Tin Gets The Rabies." This was followed by a half-an-hour's worth of goodies by that well-known producer, "Candy Butcher Moat."

Pathology is run by a little George Raft type known as the "I". I'm convinced that he and his cronies are involved in the protection racket. It's no joke. The other day in conference this refugee from "Hawaiian Eye" gave me a judo chop on the neck when I didn't know an answer. For those who make it through conference, they have to face the guns of "Wild Bill" who runs herd over the lab.

Despite the above we were well prepared for National Boards. Mama, I must explain about the letter you'll be getting. It's like golf . . . the lower your score, the better. Par is 75.

Oh yeh, Mama, see if Papa can send a check. Shirley, that nice lady in the book store, just tried to collect my arm and leg.

Love,
Irving

October 12, 1966

Dear Mama,

This is your son, Irving, the junior medical student. Who would ever think that little Irving, once the skinniest kid on Flatbush Avenue, would go so far? From all my relatives, who know what medical education is all about, I'm told it's duck soup from here on in. Once past the first two years, I'm a doctor already.

The program has changed somewhat this year. Instead of endless hours spent in a classroom, we make rounds. It's much the same except that you don't sit down. Early in the morning as the sun rises, you "round" with the intern Then you do the same with your resident. About 10 A.M., a staff man graciously gives of his time and, before you know it, there's a parade. All over the hospital, just prior to lunch, one sees teams of a dozen or so men in white uniforms cramming into patients' rooms and roaming the halls. As a junior my job is to stabilize the rear. I'm also the last man "looked at." By that I mean that as the consultant makes a suggestion to the staff man, he in turn, tells the chief resident, who tells the first year resident, who tells the intern, who tells the senior student, who in turn, tells me. At this point I depart, place the band aid over the suggested spot, and rounds resume.

This year is more pleasant, however. No one has asked me what organism causes osteomyelitis in the water buffalo.

Gotta' go.

Love,
Irving

January 11, 1967

Dear Mama,

I think I shall never get married. For the past six weeks my libido has dropped in direct proportion to my clinical experience in obstetrics and gynecology.

I thought I would be thrilled with the birth of a child. My academic anticipation might be likened to a bull in heat for six years. But, as I sat next to this woman's bed for 14 straight hours counting contraction after contraction as if my life depended on it, this anticipation slowly plummeted. By the time she went to the delivery room and four people "scrub-bed", I couldn't keep my eyes open. Being the stabilizer of the rear, I couldn't see anyhow. After being told by the senior student in front of me (he was six inches taller than me) that

she had delivered, I was awarded 16 official documents to fill out. After all, since I was priveleged to take part in the delivery, I was expected to complete these papers.

Maybe I'll be a pediatrician.

Love,
Irving

April 13, 1967

Dear Mama,

I love kids. I hate mothers. Not you, of course, Mama. But kids ("kiddies" as they're known to pediatricians) are beautiful. It's a shame when they get sick, though. I think that makes me sadder than anything I've seen thus far. I think it would be nice to be a father.

One thing about pediatrics. It's a world unto its own. The department operates about 22 decibels above the rest of the rest of the hospital. When a bewildered little five year old comes to Hahnemann with an erythematous digital rash which occurs when he gets next to red paint (very mysterious) and which bothers his neurotic mother, he is made to feel at home. Fourteen surrogate mothers in the guise of social workers, play therapists, nurses, child psychiatrists, art therapists, and developmental analysts descend upon him. In an effort to treat the "whole child" the poor kid doesn't stand a chance. As a junior student just off psychiatry, you realize that his mother should be in analysis and that Lestoil will remove the erythematous rash. But you must confine your remarks to a part of the kid's chart not read by others. In two weeks, after exposure to a series of allergy tests and surrogate mothers, the kid is sent home cured of the rash (there is no red paint in the hospital).

Someone ought to give kids a break.

Love,
Irving

September 15, 1967

Dear Mama,

I've been back from vacation for three days and I feel like I never left. I must admit, though, Hahnemann gives you more for your money. Being able to go to school through the summer while my professors vacationed was a stimulating experience. Of course I owe Uncle Sam another $1000 because I couldn't work. But it was good to be in Philadelphia. It's a summer fesival here.

For the past twelve weeks I have been a surgeon. There were no seniors (they graduated) so that I got right up next to the surgical intern, who was next to the surgical resident, etc. There is a strange type of "esprit de corps" (learned the phrase in cheder) in the surgery department. The man on the bottom sort of eagerly accepts the scraps that the staff man

feeds him. When the staff man invites you to scrub in with him on a 10 hour bowel evacuation, you jump at the chance and say, "Thank you, sir." He will then give you the opportunity to prove yourself by holding "idiot sticks" (retractors) for the 10 hour period. At this you are overjoyed and say "Thank you, sir, for such a fine learning experience." Eventually, you may be asked, if you are good, to cut. Being a surgeon for the summer, you are ecstatic because all surgeons like to cut and you are treated as one of them. You rush in with your dull scissors and snip at the knot. "YOU IDIOT! YOU CUT THE KNOT ¼" TOO LONG!" At these words you shrink back realizing that you weren't really cut out to be a surgeon and again retreat to your retractors.

I've got to run, Mama. I'm taking an elective in psychiatry. I'll tell you about it later.

Love,
Irving

March 2, 1968

Dear Mama,

Because of you and Papa, my superego has forbidden me to go into psychiatry. For 6 weeks I sat back in a chair, nodded my head (not in approval or disapproval), grunted intermittently, and learned how to smoke a pipe. In practice I would be earning $25 an hour. It's important for the patients to pay that much because that's part of the cure. You and Papa, because of your influence during my anal stage, have caused my id to be smothered by my superego. Because of it, I will have to go out and earn an honest living. And I was just getting to like my pipe.

Mama, I have applied for my internships. I don't know where I'll be, but I picked a program in each hospital to suit my needs. At this point in our career we're informed that people expect us to know pretty much what we want to be when we grow up. So I've chosen a rotating 35. The year is broken down into weekly rotations on 52 different services so that I will be well-rounded and accepted by the hospital of my choice for residency. That's so that I can be better than a doctor. I'm going to be a specialist. That's sort of a "big doctor".

I must admit. I look forward to the coming year with a bit of trepidation. Because then, I will truly be Dr. Irving. Then I will stand next to the first year resident and maybe even make a few decisions on my own. Sounds frightening. But I only hope that at the time I will be the picture of self-confidence.

Wish me luck, Mama.

Love,
Irving

SPORTS

Freshman year

"It sure is tough to get this pot belly off the ground."

There ain't no joy in Mudsville.

Medical Students, from their day of admission, fight a never ending battle against the "pot". Hahnemann's answer is the Intramural Athletic Program, designed to keep its young men a little thinner and a lot less frustrated.

Freshman year, the Class of '68 opened the softball season with a never to be forgotten team. They had uniforms, cheerleaders, the operating rights to Hahnemann's only beer concession and plenty of spirit. The neophytes won game after game and looked so good doing it that oddsmaker Pete "The Greek" Amenta had them at even money going into the Picnic Playoff against the undefeated seniors. The team led 4-1 at one point in the game, only to lose 5-4 on a wild throw in the bottom of the ninth.

It was a bitter defeat, and teams of the succeeding years seemed to be replaying that game in their minds, rather than the game at hand (The team lost the Picnic Playoff last year, 9-8, to a far inferior senior squad.)

Despite the adversity, however, certain performances will always stand out in our minds: Innocent and youthful Herb Heckman plotting strategy or relief pitching; Rick Mufson's pegs into right field; Ronnie Kamm rounding first with his ass in a sling; and Kowalski, DiMarino and Satava saving the game.

Football was the same story. Sophomore season was disappointing, but junior year a 6-0 lead over the sophs in the Super Bowl with one quarter to play looked as good as gold. As fate would have it, though, the underclassmen managed two TD's and stole victory from our outstretched arms. Losers we were again, sure, but we shall cherish those bumps and bruises.

Basketball, not to be repititious, saw excellent fives consistently finish second. Leapers like John Owens and John Bondi were perhaps blinded by each others costumes, some of which would have been banned in Boston.

So now the perennial bridesmaids enter their final season. Four years older and 20 lbs slower, the vigor of Freshman year has fled, and the many hours of night call have taken their awful toll.

Still, maybe this year .....

"Is there a doctor in the house? I can't straighten up."

Twinkle toes bags another.

Killer Joe

The muddle.

Swan Lake Ballet: Act II Scene I

"My wind isn't what it used to be."

MEDICAL

"What's the concept involved, Dr. Nudnick?"

"There'll be none of that ×+✱! tonight!"

It couldn't come at a better time. After six months of being put down and trampled, the future M.D.'s of Hahnemann High pool their iatrogenically induced paranoia, sometimes even to music (thank God only sometimes), and expose the faculty to the constructive feedback which is so essential to a progressive medical school. It's fortunate, for the faculty, that such expression comes only once a year, but very important that it does come. Childhood prodegies and frustrated comedians uncover hidden talents in their bid for applause creating a spectacle that any burlesque house would shudder at. Adding dignity to the program are one or two of our more conservative faculty members (men, women, children) who have never lost their desire for the limelight. Although Hollywood has no fears about losing its Oscars to Philadelphia, there are many never to be forgotten performances. These are a few of the ingrediants of Hahnemann High's Annual Menstrual Show which make it the social highlight of the year.

Spitzer, Oaks, Bennett

The four lads.

"Hello, Mama! This is Irving."

MINSTRALS

Hypochondriacal Medical Students Lament

To the tune of Supercalifragelesticespealedcious

When I used to kiss a girl I felt a palpitation
That is when I thought it was just normal excitation;
Now that I know better it's a fatal fibrillation
Call the undertaker Ma I'm ready for cremation.

Now I told that little girl that I find so enchanting,
I get all hot and bothered pretty soon I start to panting,
But that was in those golden days when I was just a dreamer
And didn't know it was really pulmonary emphysema.

I've renal glycosuria, I'm multiple sclerotic,
I've got a melanoma and my liver is cirrhotic,
I've myasthenia gravis, I'm anemic and asthmatic,
But most of all and worst of all I'm hypochondriatic.

A scene from Marat Sade.

Dr. Belmont and his playmates.

"We really made a bloody mess, eh Neil?"

Three kosher hams.

Stan and Dan.

"Mono, anyone?"

XMAS PARTY

Look Kid! Just one more time and then WHAM!

Searching for relaxation during our freshman year, we arranged a Christmas party for about twenty orphans. With Neil Brooks as Santa, Neil Schlackman as game leader and Bob DeJoseph as recruiter we all had a good time entertaining the children. Our holiday was enriched by the pleasure we gave to our less fortunate brothers.

Don't cry just because I told you Santa was Jewish!

And then there was this other girl who . . . !

Are you sure Dr. Bernard does it that way?

Who said THAT!

ORIENTATION

One hundred and ten strange faces were introduced at luncheons, conferences and more formal presentations during the first few days of September 1964. Old acquaintences were renewed and new friends made as we shared a common anxiety; what would the future bring? After many sleepless nights and changing pates we realize that we were unprepared for the onslaught of medical school. Those first few hectic bewildering days of frosh orientation are long gone. All that remains are the last few hectic bewildering days of graduation.

In microbiology we show slides and SLIDES.

Damn biochemists think they know everything.

Smile Dad, he's taking our picture.

And so, that's why I really want to be a doctor.

I hear they even have tables at Jeff.

HAHNEMANN'S FUTURE

For a number of years students, faculty and administration have been unhappy with the classical approach to medical education and there have been many attempts at improvement. In 1971 with the opening of the new Hahnemann Medical College building a drastically revised curriculum will be introduced with three areas of emphasis; the interdisciplinary laboratory, the multiple track program and the motivation-oriented program. It is hoped that the new curriculum will enable students to assimilate the rapidly expanding wealth of information available with greater efficiency and understanding.

The interdisciplinary laboratory concept emphasizes that a great deal of time is wasted when each individual basic science presents its own independent laboratory course. The new method would combine the many disciplines in a single experiment, ie. Respiratory Control might include anatomy, physiology, pharmacology, etc.

The multiple track program recognizes that students have individual needs and provides them with an opportunity for sufficent elective time to realize their goals. Under this program a faculty advisor would function with several students to insure the adequacy of any proposed plan of study.

The motivation-oriented program proposes that students do not truly learn unless material presented to them has a locus of immediate need or continued use. Tentative plans are to make the first and third years preclinical, the second and forth clinical. The idea is that if students have been exposed to clinical material their second year, re-exposure to preclinical sciences will be more meaningful since we will be able to recognize the need for such information.

The new curriculum is one of many ways in which Hahnemann is attempting to maintain its position in the medical community.

Artist's sketch of the new Hahnemann Medical College.

Elmer Holmes Bobst, benefactor.

Artist's sketch of the Myer Feinstein Clinic.

Aerial view of Hahnemann.

SECRETARIES

The Hahnemann secretaries are a breed unto themselves. How often have you had an appointment with Dr. B only to be told that he's with Dr. G. Visiting Dr. G's office you are informed that he's in CVI with Dr. O and Dr. B. When you arrive at CVI you find a group of visiting firemen getting a lecture on "Preventive Medicine for Firemen" by Dr. R. Beating a very hasty retreat back to Dr. B's office you learn that he's with another student. The sweet young thing at the desk suggests that Mr. S might be of assistance so you walk over to his office. The door is locked. "They're out to lunch" gleefully yell the girls at the information desk.

The time, 9:20 A.M.

Later in the week there is a notice on the bulletin board requesting you to visit Dr. B. The sweet young thing at the desk tells you that since you broke your last appointment your emergency loan request to buy your son a pair of shoes has been denied. Asking to see Dr. B you're told that he is in conference with Dr. G ...

KATHY WATKINS "Send one dozen smelly cigars to Dr. DiPalma."

PAT CORBETT and KATHY LENNON "We're too busy, see Dr. Bennett."

MARIE HAINES "You got an 'F' in surgery."

LAURA BUMMARA and JENNIFER JOHNSON "It says he's a sexual deviate."

MARILYN REEB "No LeRoy, I don't mix business and pleasure.

From The Morning Visit

. . .The morning visit—not till sickness falls
In the charmed circles of your own safe walls;
Till fever's throb and pain's relentless rack
Stretch you all helpless on your aching back;
Not till you lay the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'Tis a small matter in your neighbor's case,
To charge your fee for showing him your face;
You skip upstairs, inquire, inspect, and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.
But when at length, by fate's transferred decree,
The visitor becomes, the visitee,
Oh, then, indeed, it pulls another string;
Your ox is gored, and that's a different thing!. .

Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparing rules
Give you the handling of her sharpest tools;
Use them not rashly—sickness is enough;
Be always "ready," but be never "rough."
But simple kindness, kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,

Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn—
Kindness, untutored by our grave M.D.'s,
But Nature's graduate, when she schools to please,
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

. . . Once more, be quiet: coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But, stealing softly on the silent toe,
Reach the sick chamber ere you're heard below:
Whatever changes there may greet your eyes,
Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise;
It's not your business by your face to show
All that your patient does not want to know;
Nay, use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.
But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch;
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist.
If the poor victim needs must be percussed,
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust;
(Doctors exist within a hundred miles;
Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer piles;)
If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
Catch the essentials, and ignore the rest.
Spare him; the sufferer wants of you and art
A track to steer by, not a finished chart.
So of your questions: don't in mercy try
To pump your patient absolutely dry;
He's not a mollusk squirming in a dish
You're not Agassiz, and he's not a fish.

And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a **cheerful face;**
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene.
Each look, each movement, every word and tone,
Should tell your patient you are all his own;
Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes. . . .

—Oliver Wendell Holmes. M.D.

MAYFAIR
IT'S MORE FUN TO COMPETE!

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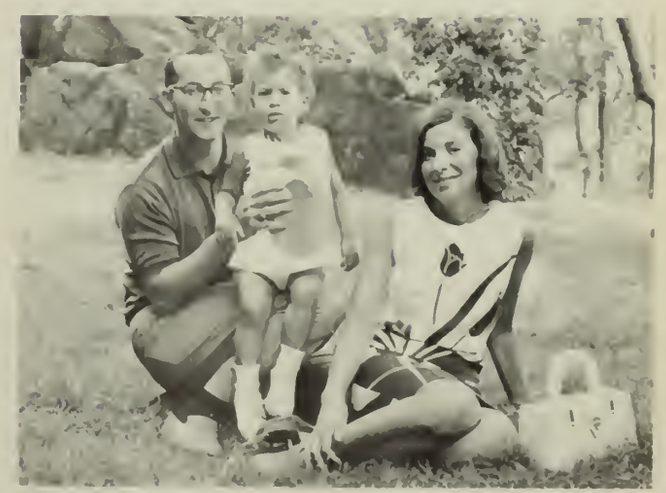

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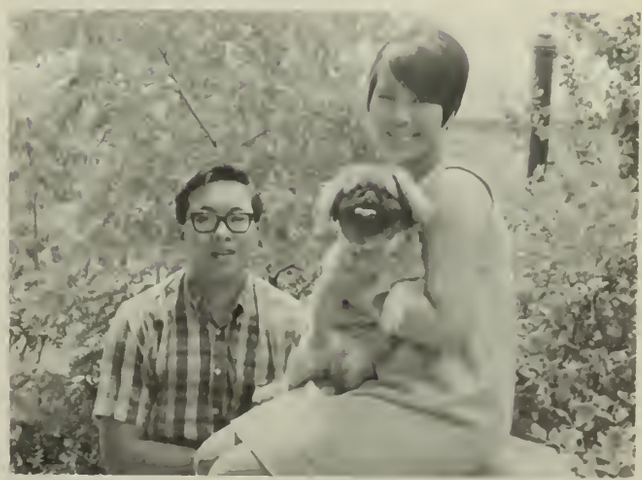

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